NEXT ISSUE!

Next time we'll be leaving the Angry Red Planet to its own devices (which, if you've read this issue, you know are many and varied) and be landing back on Earth again ... a Chaotic Green Planet that has many monsters of its own to offer. And our next issue will be literally crawling with them.

But we won't be sticking solely to the Earth's surface. We'll be journeying undersea to meet the **BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**, an

atomically awakened dinosaur and the star of our filmbook next issue, and we've also managed to dig up some startling information on **TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE**, a new multi-story horror tale from the people who brought you **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**. To avoid disappointing our outer space fans, we'll also be bringing you a factual report on the recent rash of **strange UFO sightings** around this country. **Kung Fu** fans will be anxious to see our action-illustrated tribute to the late, great **Bruce Lee**. Also on paw will be a report on **Mexican Movie Monsters**, a survey of **Marvel's Mightiest Monsters**, another updated edition of our **Late Film Round-Up** feature, and a cauldronful of other eerie surprises that must, under pain of vile, dire penalties, remain undisclosed at this point in time.

All in all, our next issue is shaping up as another colorful, insightful, information-infested fiendfest, the kind designed to keep you alert and wide-eyed for hours on end, while it is always a nice change of pace in this day and age, no? And there will also be enough irritating comments in the next TMT to keep your blood boiling and help keep you warm through the weird winter months ... another thoughtful service provided by the makers of THE MONSTER TIMES!

STAR TREK KEEPS ON TREKIN'!

P.63. CAPTAIN KIRK. $1.00 & 45c.

Star Trek has been off the air for a bunch of years now, but the cult of Trekkies grows and grows. The latest addition to the STAR TREK memorabilia boom are six photographic posters in black and white of your favorite STAR TREK characters. All are a sharp 17" by 22" black and white. Each are only $1.00 each and 45c postage and handling.

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P.52 KEEP ON TREKIN'. This giant illustration originally appeared in THE MONSTER TIMES #20. Now we've turned it into a poster. It's a legend in its own time. The poster is 17" by 22" and is in color on heavy stock. KEEP ON TREKIN' Only $2.00 plus 50 cents.

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MARTIANS IN THE COMICS! P.6

SPECIAL TMT ALL-MENACING ALL-MARTIAN ISSUE!

WAR OF THE WORLDS! P.3

MARTIAN MOVIE SURVEY! P.10

EXCLUSIVE BRADBURY INTERVIEW! P.13

INVADERS FROM MARS! P.20

MAKING MARTIAN MONSTERS! P.23

From Zombos' Closet

the Monster Times
WELCOME,
Fellow Terror Travelers,
to THE MONSTER TIMES'
Special All-World-Conquering, All-Mind Controlling,
All-Menacing,
All-Martian Issue!
IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE, a Martian menace fond of making offers you can't refuse, joins us in bidding you to enter the heavy metal door of the TMT spaceship for a fantastic voyage to the Angry Red Planet. Once inside, you'll find yourself face-to-face, nose-to-nose, and antenna-to-antenna with many of Mars' most dangerous denizens, including our doorman, IT! You'll witness invasions of Earth, an exciting WAR OF THE WORLDS, and hear sci-fi & Martian master Ray Bradbury tell all about strange mysteries found on this and other planets. Martians from every media—film, comic books and even oldtime radio—have signed up for this macabre Mars Trek ... but there's plenty of room left for the likes of you, too. So what are you waiting for? Leave your ray-guns at the door and hop aboard!

Volume 1 Number 3!

Thanks go to United Artists for the Martian menace from IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE seen on our cover this issue, and to Less Waldstein, TMT publisher, who translated the photo to solid cover without making a single mistake.

The Monster Times

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

Hope you've had sufficient time to fully recover from our last (All-Worst) issue. There'll be none of that kinda stuff time out; we're happy to report that TMT has returned to its original policy of stuffing the issue with high-quality horror, superb science fiction and other items of a vital, relevant and uplifting nature. This time TMT casts its collective eye skywards to zoom in on the Angry Red Planet, Mars.

To launch our All-World-Conquering, All-Mind-Controlling, All-Menacing, All-Martian issue, we've got a detailed filmbook on the 1953 adaptation of H.G. Wells' classic WAR OF THE WORLDS, turned in by sci-fi cinema scholar Steve Vertlieb. Jim Wnoroski contributes a completeists' dream survey of Martians in the Movies and celebrates an unsung Martian epic from the Frightening '50s, INVADERS FROM MARS. Also on view within is an exclusive TMT interview with premier sci-fi and fantasy writer Ray Bradbury, conducted by Media Editor R. Allen Leider; a round-up of Martians in the Comics; a helpful how-to piece on Making Martian Monsters; a nostalgic look at Orson Welles' panic-inspiring WAR OF THE WORLDS broadcast of 1938; and, just to lower the terror tone a bit, a less-than-fond remembrance of THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT by Jason Thomas. Also contained in this...

BULLETIN!!!

FLASH! EXTRA!! STOP THE PRESSES!!! THE MONSTER TIMES Teletype interrupts this tedious editorial with the knee-knocking news that a planned Martian invasion of Earth has been abandoned--repeat: abandoned--by Red Planet leaders! Informed sources in the TMT Sky-Watching and Cosmic Bugging Departments say that, "due to current conditions on Earth, Martian leaders have called an immediate halt to a planned invasion of this planet." A reliable, expert TMT cosmic wiretapper further claims to have recorded secret Martian planning sessions and quoted one prominent Martian dignitary as saying, "I don't want to go to no planet where I won't even be allowed to drive my spaceship on Sunday." Since the Angry Red Planet leaders wished to maintain tradition by landing either in Washington or New York, they gathered scouting reports on those major metropoles and apparently found both "wanting in the extreme." Though a minority of decision-making Martians continued to push for invasion, their remarks remain undecipherable due to an unexplained 18 minute gap in the TMT tape. A high-strung TMT secretary assigned to guard the tape claims that the erasure was accidental and offered the opinion that the gap was probably caused by "intense evil thought-waves emanating from the TMT editorial office."

We now return you to the regular editorial normally seen in this space...

Well, that's certainly good news! And even while things may be less than ideal on this planet, at least we know that Earth will remain in the fumbling hands of our own homegrown madmen, and not in the tentacles of a bunch of un-American aliens from Mars ... a comforting notion, that.

2 **MONSTER MESSAGES:** More morbid missives, nasty notes, praise-laden letters and heinous hate mail from TMT readers 'round the globe.

3 **WAR OF THE WORLDS!:** A frightening filmbook of the 1953 movie version of H.G. Wells' classic about a malicious Martian invasion of Earth.

6 **MARTIANS IN THE COMICS:** Comics expert Jeff Wasserman contributes a sinister survey of red planet comic creatures and strikes another blow for Martian Lib.

9 **HOW TO MAKE A MARTIAN MONSTER!:** Writer Ron Haydock profiles prolific monster-maker Paul Blaisdell, who tells all about how he created a menacing Martian called IT!

10 **RAY BRADBURY WRITES AGAIN!:** Ray Bradbury, sci-fi writer supreme and author of the masterful MARTIAN CHRONICLES, talks of things of a vital & relevant nature in an exclusive TMT interview.

12 **MONSTER SCENE FROM MARS!:** Special space-oriented edition of our ever-popular Monster Scene feature.

13 **THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT!:** We had to provide one dumb, alienating article in this otherwise excellent issue—and this is it.

15 **WAR OF THE WELLES!:** TMT takes a nostalgic look at the night America freaked out—the night of Orson Welles' infamous radio broadcast of H.G. Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS.

16 **RED PLANET CENTERFOLD!:** A mad Martian from the epic WAR OF THE WORLDS, suitable for framing and for keeping unwanted invaders away.

19 **THE PARANOIDS MEET THE MARTIANS!** Jim Wnoroski examines that ultra-paranoid, unsung epic of the frightening '50s, INVADERS FROM MARS—a film that induced many a childhood nightmare.

22 **TICKS & KICKS!:** The TMT Teletype provides plenty of both with an up-to-the-month wrap-up of unnatural events from the realms of film, comics, books and reality.

25 **MARTIANS IN THE MOVIES!:** Scare scholar Jim Wnoroski presents a complete round-up of Moviedom's Martians, from the terrific through the trivial to the terrible.

TELL IT TO THE EDITOR

Hot Stills Still Controversial

To the editor...

I couldn't believe your statement in your "Tell it to the editor" that "they are either stolen from the movie companies or duplicated from original prints."

This is a close to libelous statement. If you had said probably, I might have agreed with you, but your flat statement is wrong and misleading.

Stills bought from the studios by a party do not become illegal or can, by any chance, be considered stolen.

National Screen (at least up until 1955) sold stills to the theatres which showed the films. Those stills were not stolen or duplicated from original prints.

Your statement, to say the least, smells of sour grapes and no knowledge of the true situation.

Claude D. Plum, Jr.
Hollywood, California

Movie companies that sell stills to theaters do so legitimately, of course. But, at the same time, those movie houses aren't supposed to sell them again.

And walking around at any convention you'll find dozens of dealers selling duplicated--illegal--stills. Duplication under any circumstances is illegal. It says it right there on the still.

And we'd like to know who we libeled?

The Reports of His Death...

To the editor...

In reference to the "SF & F" feature on page 28 of **THE MONSTER TIMES #29**: Chester Bonestell is certainly great, but by no means late. He celebrated his 87th birthday last January 1st and is still painting.

He is close friends with such as Clarke, Heinlein, George Pal and his work is in numerous museums and galleries, including nearly a dozen in the permanent collection of the Smithsonian Institute.

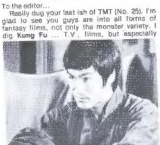
Ron Miller
Visual Information Specialist
National Air and Space Museum
Washington, D.C.

Ed Summer, our science fiction and fantasy columnist, has been duly flogged and apologizes for laying Mr. Bonestell to rest. In fact, Ed has since bought his own plot and plans to retire to it as soon as he makes another mistake like that.

Kung Fu Fanatic

To the editor...

Really dug your last ish of TMT (No. 25). I'm glad to see you guys are into all forms of fantasy films, not only the monster variety. I dig **Kung Fu** T.V. films, but especially



comics! Yes, I said comics. I pick mine up in Chinatown, in NYC. They're really too much. I hope you can use the ones I sent.

Gary Garrett
Bethpage, N.Y.

KUNG FU fans will be happy to know that next issue will contain a special feature on the late, great BRUCE LEE.

Letter Ratings and Horror Films

To the editor...

Before I get on my soapbox once again, I feel I must commend you on upholding the fine tradition of excellence that **The Monster Times** has become famous for. Your recent article on Lon Chaney Sr. was obviously a labor of love; it is just a shame that the new generation will have little chance to see the great films of The Man of a Thousand Faces.

But, on to the purpose of this letter. I was appalled to find that three of the finest horror movies of the past year were given the ridiculous rating of "R!" The three films in question are **THEATRE OF BLOOD, VAULT OF HORROR**, and **TALES THAT WITNESS MADNESS**. In each case, I found no justification for such a strict rating other than the fact that each film had an excessive amount of gore. If one would care to remember, films such as **BULLITT** and **BONNIE AND CLYDE** had much more gross than these films, yet they were merely rated "PG!" This is a case of restricted attendance versus parental guidance.

I would rather have my child see imaginary death and violence in a fantasy world, than witness it in gory detail as shown in "realistic" films. I would also care to point out that the most successfully gruesome horror film of the past ten years has been **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, and this film was aired at children matinees! **NIGHT** had twice as much gore as any of the three films mentioned above.

So, here's the question I place to anyone who can answer it. Is real-life horror more acceptable than fantasized horror? Where is the justification for such ratings?

R. Watson Shuriz
Orlando, Florida

A movie that we previewed in THE MONSTER TIMES #18 ran into a situation similar to the one Mr. Shuriz alleges. If you remember, TMT correspondent Mark Evanier grew us an eye-witness report of DR. DEATH. The movie was completed, sent to the movie rating people and came back with an "X" rating.

The producers and director were shocked, to say the least. They were hoping for a "PG." Consequently, they have been cutting out heroic scenes for over a year in an attempt to have the movie rated "R."

Got a gripe? Somethin' you want to get off your hairy chest? Or, perchance, a nice note of praise for your friendly fiends at TMT? Then send them straight to us. Remember: it takes all kinds ... and so do we. Address all correspondences to: To the Editor, THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011.

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WAR OF THE WORLDS

BY STEVE VERTLIEB

In The Beginning (or at least closer to it than we are now), H.G. Wells, the founding father of science fiction, entertained a diabolical fantasy about a Martian invasion of Earth. This disturbing vision soon found its way into print when Wells penned WAR OF THE WORLDS. Much later, Hollywood got its hungry hooks on the property and, for a change, really did justice to Wells' work. Here with the whole strange story is sci-fi scholar Steve Vertlieb in his frightening filmbook on the Wells classic...

"No one would have believed in the middle of the twentieth century that human affairs were being watched keenly and clearly by intelligences greater than man's. No one gave a thought to the older worlds as a source of human danger. Yet across the gulf of space, on the planet Mars, intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic regarded our earth with envious eyes, slowly and surely drawing their plans against us." —H.G. Wells

It must have been around eleven when they saw it. The late show at the small theatre had ended and patrons were streaming out onto the street. The sky looked unusually bright. Pastor Collins and his niece, Sylvia, turned and faced the sky. At first it seemed motionless, like a new and brilliant star setting the heavens aflame. Only after a moment's study did they realize that the object was moving ever so slowly across the California horizon.

They watched, fascinated, as the object tore across the night sky, leaving a blazing trail behind it. The object was rushing to Earth at a startling speed! In another moment it disappeared beyond a clump of trees in the far distance. Its point of impact must have been miles away, but the fiery explosion that resulted from that terrible collision lit up the countryside as brightly as any noonday sun.

EXPERTS ALERTED!

The fire at campside was wearing down. The fishermen, out on a weekend trip to the mountains, were savoring the last remnants of their catch as the battered station wagon entered the camp. Fiddler, a forest ranger, emerged from the car.

"I got a message for you," he spoke. "You're the guys from Pacific Tech, ain't you? It's about that meteor. They say it's a whopper. Thought you might be interested. It's ten or twelve miles from here—over by Linda Rosa."

Clayton Forrester put down his pipe and asked Bilderbeck for the use of his car. He wanted to drive to Linda Rosa in the morning and take a look at the unexpected gift from the sky.

Buildings disintegrate, cities burn, civilizations topple, and populations flee in terror as invading Martians choose Earth as the sorry site of an epic WAR OF THE WORLDS! This updated, relocated film version of H.G. Wells' classic story of an attempted takeover of Earth ranks among the most exciting sci-fi epics ever filmed and features amazingly realistic special effects.

Martians land in Linda Rosa and Earth's problems begin. At first, authorities believe the crater was made by a stray meteor but soon discover the monstrous Martian plot.

METEOR FOUND!

The meteor lay smouldering in a gully, half covered with dirt. It wasn't yet daybreak, but curiosity seekers from miles around had already begun converging on the sight. Sylvia Van Buren saw the object fall hours earlier with her uncle, and now they had come for a closer look. She was searching her purse for a cigarette when Clayton Forrester's convertible pulled alongside.

"That's it over there," he muttered.

"Did you see it come down?" asked Sylvia, surveying the unshaven man beside her.

"Yes, I was fishing up in the hills. I don't understand why a meteor this size didn't make a bigger crater."

The geiger counter in the back of his car jolted them out of their concentration, as it chattered away at the thing in the gully. The sheriff couldn't conceal his alarm.

"Look at this thing—goin' crazy!" he yelled.

Forrester looked puzzled. "It's difficult to account for a reaction like that," he agreed.

He resolved to remain in Linda Rosa until the object had cooled off. Call it the curiosity of a scientist, but something profoundly disturbing was gnawing at his brain. He couldn't shake the feeling that there was something wrong here ... terribly wrong. At the insistence of Pastor Collins, Forrester would spend the night with him and his niece.

Nightfall found the local citizenry at the town square dance in the social hall. Forrester had chosen his partner well. He had found more than a meteor in Linda Rosa; he'd found Sylvia.

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE GULLY...

Out at the gully three volunteer sentries were preparing to leave for home. The object had cooled considerably and further danger from fires seemed remote. They were walking toward their car when Salvador heard the sound, a sound like metal scraping against metal. They turned, and Salvador shone a lone beam from his flashlight on the gully.

"Hey, it's movin'!" he screamed.

They all saw it now. It was up at the top of the object. Ashen flakes of rock were being jarred loose from where they burned by a force too powerful to resist. A round metal cylinder was turning continually, lifting itself out of its hole.

The rotating section has grown larger

Sighting the strange form in the gully, Wash, Alonzo and Salvador approach the alien presence waving a pathetically hopeful white flag. Wash's cry of "Welcome to California!" is met with a hostile reception as the Martian death ray reduces the informal welcoming committee to once-human piles of instant dust. The same fate awaits a sizable portion of the Earth's populace.

as it turned and soon fell away from the object, uncovering a bright metal within the opening. A silvery, metallic umbilical chord emerged slowly from somewhere inside the object, emitting an ominous hissing sound. Unsheltered by metal was its face, upon which appeared a smooth, glass-like surface that shone brightly, illuminating the gully with a stunning, reddish pulsation. The long snake-like neck twisted and convulsed, allowing the face to scan the farthest corner of the crater.

Wash, Alonzo and Salvador observed the movement from behind a small ridge.

"Must be somebody in there," Wash whispered.

"Who? Where'd you think they come from?" asked Alonzo. "I read someplace—Mars is near the earth right now. Happens every eighteen or twenty years, they say. Men from Mars—whaddaya think? If it's men from Mars we ought to let 'em know we're friendly."

"We'd be in all the papers," said Alonzo. "We could show 'em we're friendly, huh? Walk out there with a white flag."

Alonzo ran to his car, retrieving an old sugar sack. Ripping it open, the Mexican tied the cloth to a shovel and held it in his arms. The three men advanced on the gully as Wash Perry cried: "Welcome to California!"

In the gully there was only silent observation as a shimmering serpent slithered across the darkened rocks to lie in wait for the approaching prey. Its head jerked upward like a rattler preparing to strike, and the pulsating grew more intense. All of the gully and surrounding rocks were suddenly bathed in a penetrating illumination that shone with hellish brilliance. The intensity of vibrations emanating from the thing was too much for any human to bear. A shocking blast of heat exploded in the gully, incinerating everything that lived and moved. When the glare had subsided only specks of dust remained where the three sentries had stood but an instant before.

LIGHTS OUT!

It was nearing midnight when the lights in the town went out. The phones had also gone dead. At the square dance, Pastor Collins examined his pocket watch and found that it too had stopped. Clayton Forrester entered into the circle.

"There's only one explanation for a thing like this," he said. "Got a pin?"

Forrester placed the pin on the counter and brought the cast of his watch near it. As he did so the pin lept across the counter and attached itself, like a hungry leech, to the watch.

"See that?" he said. "My watch is magnetized. That's what knocked the phones out too."

Forrester then requested the use of a pocket compass. As he placed it on the table, the needle bent frantically away from the north.

"It's pointing out to the gully—where that meteor came down," he said.

Because the ignitions in their cars were insulated, Forrester and the sheriff were able to drive to the gully. A police officer insisted upon accompanying them. As they arrived at the scene they noted that something had again started the strange series of small brush fires in the area. The officer pointed nervously to the place where the sentries' cars had stood. There wasn't any sign of the three men. The officer turned the spotlight on the ground around the gully until he came upon three shallow piles of gray ash.

Out of the blackness of the pit the silvery serpent reared its head and again prepared to strike. The police officer fled in panic to his car, leaving Forrester and the sheriff to care for their own lives. A blinding flash of light caught the car down the road and exploded it, burning the vehicle and its occupant to a blackened cinder. The two remaining men ran from the road and jumped into a clump of tall bushes.

"What is that gizmo?" screamed the sheriff.

"I think that ... gizmo ... is a machine from another planet," said Forrester.

The sheriff was badly frightened. "We better get word to the authorities and—LOOK!" The sheriff's gaze was fixed on

The monstrous Martian war machine as seen in the 1964 Classics Illustrated version of H.G. Wells' sinister story, depicted here in its original setting: turn-of-the-century England.

the sky, and his sudden cry jolted Forrester. The scientist snapped his eyes to the direction in which the sheriff was presently shaking his finger, and he saw it too. Out of a far corner of the sky a second meteor was searing a path through the night clouds, now disturbingly alive with strange alien activity.

"Sheriff, you'd better get word to the military," cried Forrester. "You're going to need them out here."

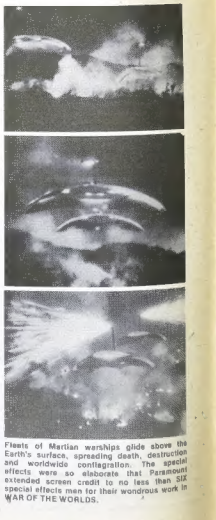
EARTH INVADED!

As endless hours wore on, reports of landings throughout the civilized world filtered in to the army. A Professor McPherson spoke on the radio and confirmed the rumors of objects landing in Bordeaux, France, in Spain and near the Gulf of Taranto in Italy. A terrifying pattern was forming.

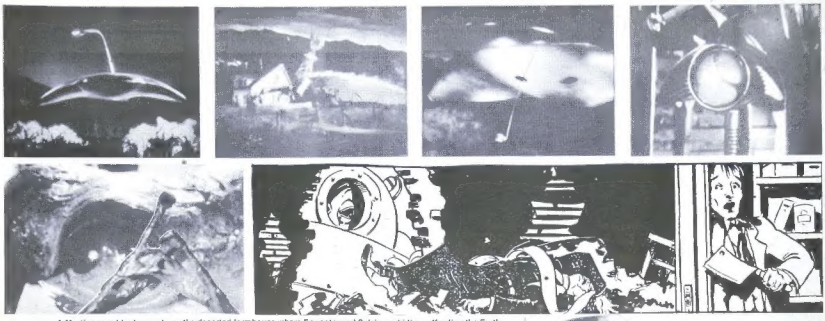
It was just before dawn when the plane flew over the gully near Linda Rosa. A battalion of marines had set up an encampment a few hundred feet from the pit and were awaiting a flare, dropped from the expected plane, in order to see the invaders more clearly. A small green pellet emerged from the bomb bay doors of the plane and dropped silently toward the ground.

"He's flying high," noted a radio commentator, "so it'll take a few seconds to come down. When it does burst, we shall be the first men on earth to get a real look at these invaders from space."

Suddenly the sky exploded and the tiny pellet became a blazing artificial sun. The heat rays screamed through the night and pierced the pellet that floated overhead. For a moment the camp was plunged into darkness. The darkness would have been preferable to the hellish barrage that hit the camp a moment later. Everywhere there was chaos as those awful heat rays scorched across the military camp.



Fleets of Martian warships glide above the Earth's surface, spreading death, destruction and worldwide conflagration. The special effects were so elaborate that Paramount extended screen credit to no less than SIX special effects men for their wondrous work in WAR OF THE WORLDS.



A Martian warship descends on the deserted farmhouse where Forrester and Sylvia are hiding, affording the Earthlings their first gruesome glimpse of the spindly inhabitants. At right is a scene from the same sequence of eerie events as rendered by an anonymous artist in Harper & Brothers' 1938 illustrated digest version of Wells' terror tale

obliterating everything in their path.

Once the attack had abated, the camp struggled to pull itself back to a semblance of normality. Sylvia and the pastor served coffee to the men and tended the wounded. When General Mann arrived, he was able to confirm reports of objects coming down in South America, London, Italy and in nearby Fresno.

"This is the only place we've had time to surround them with sufficient force to contain them," he said. "What happens here will be a guide to all other operations. They'll probably move at dawn."

All eyes were focused on the gully as dawn broke. There should have been a symphony of birds and insects to welcome the event, but all signs of life had been stilled. It was as if the world had ended between midnight and dawn. The silence was awesome. The youthful voice of a field lieutenant shouted excitedly over the phone at the front.

"There's something moving in the gully!" he yelled. "Something's coming out!"

The strangely fascinating movement of the long and delicate neck appeared over the horizon. As more of the objects emerged, one could see how truly graceful and symmetrical the whole of the body was! It glistened in the sun as it floated proudly, dominantly, over the ground. Beneath the ostrick-like neck was a semi-rectangular trunk, to which all data coming from the neck must have been fed. Supporting the machines in the air were three nearly transparent electrical beams that elevated the ships to a height of thirty feet. So these at last were the Martian war machines!

General Mann passed his field glasses to Forrester. "Is that some kind of flying machine?" he wanted to know.

"No, no," replied Forrester, "it's supported from the ground by legs, beams of solid light, magnetized in reverse, probably. **This is amazing!**"

MARTIANS NIX MINISTER'S APPEAL

Pastor Collins stood off to the side of the tent by himself and watched the approach of the Martians.

"Beings from another world," he muttered.

"Stand by to fire," Colonel Heffner ordered.

The pastor awoke from his meditation and ran to the colonel, protesting.

"But, Colonel, shooting's no good."

"It's always been a good persuader," Heffner replied.

"But shouldn't you try to communicate with them first and shoot later if you have to?" the pastor pleaded.

Heffner simply turned away from Collins in disgust. The old man, his hopes destroyed, walked solemnly out of the tent. Sylvia followed him. Her uncle had never looked sadder to her.

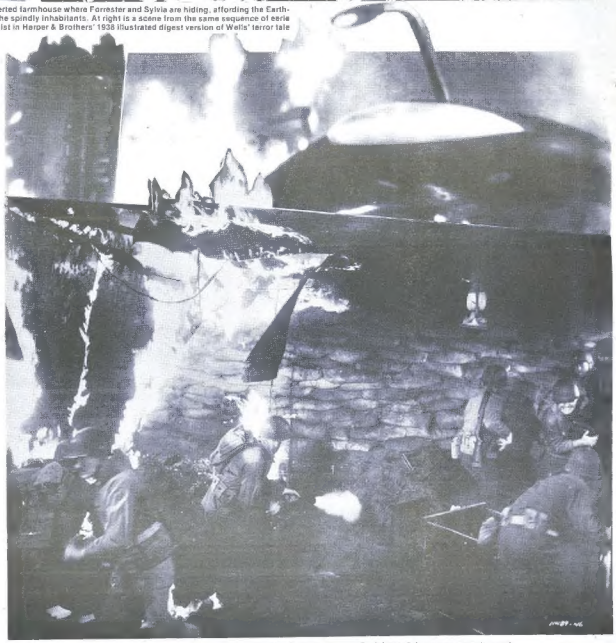
"I think we should try to make them understand we mean them no harm," he said softly. "They are living creatures out there. If they are more advanced than us, they should be nearer the **creator** for that reason."

Sylvia took his arm in hers. "Let's go back inside, Uncle Matthew," she cried.

Sylvia returned to the tent and prepared more coffee for the men. Her attention was broken by a sudden burst of activity behind her.

"Who's that?" shouted the Colonel. "What's he think he's doing?"

Sylvia listened to the commotion and all at once she knew. She ran, screaming, to the opening in the tent, "UNCLE ... UNCLE MATTHEW!"



Cities and soldiers feel the deadly effects of the Martian heat rays, and Earth learns it has no weapons to equal the might of the Martian barrage. Even the most sophisticated nuclear weaponry fails to make a dent in the the Martian armor.

They could see him clearly now, walking slowly down the path toward the gully. The Martian machines lay suspended in the air, watching the lone figure's approach. The pastor removed a pocket bible from his coat and read from the 23rd psalm as he walked.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ... Thou anointest my head with oil ... My cup runneth over ... And I will dwell ... in the house of the lord ... forever. May the grace of the father and of the son..."

Pastor Collins stopped reading and looked directly into the face of the shadow of death. It was the last thing he ever saw.

Sylvia's screams could not erase the terrible sound of her uncle's death agonies.

Colonel Heffner whirled toward the switchboard and yelled, "LET 'EM HAVE IT!" The big guns began firing at the Martian war machines, but it was soon apparent that the invaders had protected themselves with an invisible dome-shaped shield that would prevent the heaviest attacks from reaching and damaging their machinery. The Martians, however, retaliated with fire from their own sophisticated weaponry. Their first beam struck a tank. It disintegrated in seconds, along

Continued on page 29

MARTIANS IN THE COMICS

BY JEFFREY H. WASSERMAN

Jeffrey H. Wasserman, Esq.—comics scholar of great renown—brought you his biting vampire survey back in TMT 15. This being our All-Martian issue, we set Jeff free from the clutches of earth-bound demons and sent him out in search of Martian comic characters. Wasserman came back with an eerie array of red planet creatures and displays his dazzling Martian menagerie here...

Until recently, Martians were kept in their place in the comics world, toeing the line with the rest of the unruly outer space creatures. However, Martian Lib has changed all that. Whereas before 1972 only a few "token" Martians were allowed in the comics, Martians now have a respectable position in the comics world.

Much of the liberation movement can be credited to the Martian strips that appeared over the last two years, but the few token Martians who showed up prior to the liberation should not be ignored. The great majority of these pre-lib Martians were depicted as being scaled, tentacled and green. They were also depicted as vicious conquerors and would-be dictators of Earth.

MARTIAN MENACE

One such conqueror was Thas Bakkus, "The Martian Emperor of Earth!" Thas was a Martian who went into hibernation after his race died out millions of years ago. This story, which was drawn by Murphy Anderson and appeared in National Comics' **STRANGE ADVENTURES #182**, May, 1963, shows how Thas Bakkus used the Martian moon Deimos as his giant spaceship and sleeping place. Upon awakening, the Martian sets his sights upon conquering a new planet. He quite naturally chooses Earth. Employing a diodetic beam device, Thas converts almost all of Earth's inhabitants into beings like himself: green-skinned, with pink eyes and a large fin running across their heads. This conversion also puts all those affected under his domination. Everything runs pretty smoothly for Earth's latest conqueror until he is confronted by the last remaining human on Earth, Jim Croft.

It seems that our hero was deep under the ocean in his bathyscaphe when Thas Bakkus played his diodetic beam upon the Earth's peoples. The beam was unable to penetrate the water's surface and so Jim was spared from turning into a Martian. This last human quickly formulates a plan to overthrow the Martian dictatorship. Disguising himself as a Martian, he takes a pot-shot at Thas as he addresses the United Nations. Thas realizes that one in the audience is not a Martian, but how to tell who it is? Everyone **looks** like a Martian. The solution is simple—turn everyone back into human form and the one person still looking like a Martian must be the enemy. Thas brings the beam into play again and turns the world's population back to normal. As a result, the Martian-disguised Jim clearly stands out in the crowd. Before Thas can activate his beam again, Jim fires an anesthetic into the Martian. The former dictator succumbs to the drug and is relieved of both his weapon and his freedom. The Earth is saved and Jim Croft takes his girl into his arms again.

Besides being the creator of Tarzan, Edgar Rice Burroughs was a fan of Mars-oriented adventure stories. Here's a Frank R. Paul illustration for ERB's sixth Martian-based novel, THE MASTER-MIND OF MARS. It originally appeared in AMAZING STORIES ANNUAL, a pulp magazine, back in 1927.

EC MARTIANS

Back in the old days when Bill Gaines' Entertaining Comics were in full swing, they tried a different approach to Martians. Determined to write a scientifically correct documentary on the first landing on Mars, Al Feldstein and Bill Gaines decided to go out and obtain the services of an expert on the red planet. In fact, that is almost the title of this story from **WEIRD FANTASY #14** (July-August, 1952) by Feldstein and Joe Orlando: "The Expert." Professor Guernsey von Holstein tells the two E.C. editors that the Martian canals have purple water and gondolas and that Martians look exactly like humans except for one little thing: antennae sprout from their foreheads when they are excited. Faced with the prospect of having to pay good money for such unacceptable research findings, Gaines throws a fit and tears up his contract with Holstein. The good professor insists that his findings are indeed correct. "You zee, Mister Gainz!" says Holstein, "I **am a Martian!** I **shoood** know!" And there, growing from Professor Holstein's skull are antennae, crackling with energy.

In another such story, entitled "The Ad," again by Feldstein and Orlando, Feldstein and Gaines are left with an empty page in one of their comics when Mr. "Muscles" (I can make **men** out of you scrawny half-pints in **six** hours) McGee cancels his advertisement. The two quickly draw up a "filler" about a round-trip excursion to Mars. This trip would be for nine days and include room and board at a reputable Martian hotel. These and many other little details are written into the one page "filler." A few months later, a visitor drops by the E.C. offices, exclaiming how fantastic the

E.C. editors had a pronounced fetish for the word "spawn." In addition to "Spawn of Mars," illustrated (below) by Wally Wood, E.C. also produced "Spawn of Venus." The whole matter has been turned over to the crack TMT psychiatric staff who are currently in the process of perusing the problem.

WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, I WAS LYING IN THE MIDST OF THE WRECKED ATOMICAR! I GLANCED OVER AT WHERE KEN SHOULD HAVE BEEN! INSTEAD... LYING BESIDE ME WAS THE MOST LOATHSOME, DISGUSTING CREATURE I HAD EVER SEEN...
AAAAAAAH!!

Martian vacation was. Feldstein and Gaines don't believe the guy until he introduces them to the girl he met and married while on Mars. Her name is Glodea. She has a fantastic figure and is very beautiful, even with her three eyes and four arms!

MARTIAN MANHUNTER

The one Martian most responsible for Martian Liberation is J'onn J'onzz, the Manhunter from Mars. Introduced as John Jones, the Manhunter first appeared in **DETECTIVE COMICS** #225 (November, 1955). Jones' costume was simple: black trunks, blue boots, red suspenders and blue cape. J'onzz has always been depicted as green-skinned, but in those early days of the Martian Lib movement, he had an overhanging brow. Most Martians came to Earth on their own power, but not J'onzz.

It seems that one quiet night Professor Mark Erdel decided to activate his "robot brain" machine and see which part of the universe it would explore. Electricity crackled throughout the laboratory, and the robot brain teleported the Martian Manhunter to Earth, J'onzz, a scientist himself, understood Professor Erdel's good intentions and asked him to send him back to Mars. Erdel apologetically explained that he could not. The robot brain's computer systems had to be reversed for that and that would take anywhere from weeks to years.

J'onzz calmly accepted his fate by adopting a human guise. In the first display of his Martian powers, J'onzz transformed himself into an Earthling before the professor's eyes. The shock of this, and all that had transpired that evening, proved too much for Erdel. The professor had a heart attack and died, leaving J'onzz stranded on Earth. Assuming the name of John Jones, the Manhunter signed up with the police force where he battled crime for many years. The Manhunter's powers metamorphosed over the years until he became a sort of "Superman." J'onzz could also become immaterial, stretch his body and assume other shapes. His one dread weakness was far more common than Superman's kryptonite, and that was fire. A burning match or a brush fire could seriously weaken the Manhunter.

J'onn J'onzz became quite a popular character in **DETECTIVE COMICS** and, when the Justice League of America was formed, the Martian Manhunter was there from the very beginning. In May of 1969, J'onzz returned to Mars to help fight in the civil war there (**JUSTICE LEAGUE** #71). This war devastated the planet Mars and virtually decimated the Martian populace. With what was left of the Martian race, J'onzz founded a colony on a distant planet (**WORLD'S FINEST** #212, June, 1972).

MR. JONES MEETS THE MARTIANS

With the groundwork constructed by J'onn J'onzz, entries into the Martian field multiplied. Dick Lupoff, of **ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME** fame, brought to the attention of Marvel Comics editor Roy Thomas a rather obscure book entitled **Lt. Gulliver Jones.** Upon careful inspection, it was suspected that this book could have been the basis for Edgar Rice Burroughs' later book **Warlord of Mars**. Seeing the possibility for a good series here, Thomas adapted it to comic format. The series was entitled **Warrior of Mars** and first appeared in **CREATURES ON THE LOOSE** #16 (March, 1972). Writers for the series have included Roy Thomas, Gerry Conway and George Alec Effinger, and artists have included Gil Kane, Ross Andru, Wayne Boring and Jim Mooney. In the first installment, Lieutenant Gulliver Jones, just released from the U.S. Army, walks the darkened streets of the metropolis. His past no longer a part of his present or future, Jones walks aimlessly. Suddenly a blinding flash of light shreds the night and in the flash appears the wizard Lu-Pov (named after the aforementioned Dick Lupoff). Jones at first does not believe his eyes, but the golden-skinned Lu-Pov explains that he has crossed both time and space to call upon

THOAT, the cavalry horse of the Martians.
MR. JOHN CARTER OF MARS.
THARK, the fierce green men of Mars.
CALOT, the watchdog of the Tharks.

Edgar Rice Burroughs strikes again—this time with a comic adaptation of his John Carter of Mars character. This version was published by Gold Key comics in 1962 and featured the weird Martian menagerie seen here.

Jones to save the planet Mars. With his dying breath, Lu-Pov bids Jones to take a golden medallion and to aid Mars. Taking the medallion and placing it around his neck, Gulliver Jones is whisked back along the path that Lu-Pov had taken from Mars.

Upon arriving on Mars as it was 2 billion years ago, Jones finds cities and a wide variety of Martians. In this series, Martians are huge and red with tails, yellow with green hair, and winged serpentines. To this mixture, add one newly-arrived Earthling whose strength has increased and whose hair turned white, and you have quite a collection. When Jones first sets down on Mars, he sees one of the red Martian barbarians who has demanded and taken the yellow-skinned Princess Heru as his bride. Finding that the yellow Martians are just that—yellow and cowardly—Jones goes alone to save Heru from her unkind fate. Jones succeeds in this task and something more than a friendly relationship results. However, this happiness is short-lived as the winged serpent-men capture Heru and set Gulliver Jones adrift on a funeral barge. Later installments have Jones meeting the chameleon slugs, the spider-people and the red Martians.

WARLORD OF MARS

National Comics, who had earlier obtained the comic rights to Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan, brought ERB's creation **John Carter, Warlord of Mars** into comic form. The similarities between this strip and Marvel Comics' **Warrior of Mars** are great. In Burroughs' version, John Carter, an ex-officer of the Confederate Army, seeks refuge from bloodthirsty Indians in a cave. There, he is overwhelmed by a strange gas and transported to Mars by some mystical means. In this adaptation by Marv Wolfman and Murphy Anderson, the Earthling also saves a princess from being carried off unwillingly. The kidnapper this time is a green Martian with fangs, four arms, and two chests. Though these particular Martians are about nine feet tall, they prove no match for John Carter, who, like Gulliver Jones, also possesses great strength on Mars. The beautiful princess whom Carter rescues also proves to be no match for John Carter, as love sets in. Carter is first tested by the chieftains of the Martians and, after passing his tests, is accepted among them. This relationship is terminated, however, when the Martians realize that Carter wants to escape from their "hospitality." After this, Carter wanders the planet Mars, discovering **living** plants, winged lions, Black Pirates, living Martian skeletons, and the immortal Queen Malada.

MARTIAN MIGRATION

According to H.G. Wells, in the year 1901 the Earth was visited by warring Martians whose tripod machines wreaked destruction and nearly won them domination of our planet until they were stopped by bacteria, "...the humblest thing that G*d in His wisdom put upon the Earth," Wells' novel, **THE WAR OF THE WORLDS**, has been a perennial best-seller since it was first issued. On the eve of Halloween in 1938, Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre On The Air brought the nation to its knees with fright with their radio broadcast of the Martian invasion. The success of H.G. Wells' creation can be measured by its sales and the popularity of the 1938 radio broadcast.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was first adapted into comic book format by the Classics Illustrated people. For 25¢, this comic version of Wells' novel can be obtained from Classics Illustrated, 101 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10003.

According to Roy Thomas and Gerry Conway, as illustrated by Neal Adams and Howie Chaykin, the Martians did more than lick their wounds and return to their home planet. As related in Marvel Comics' "War of the Worlds" (**AMAZING ADVENTURES** #18, May, 1973), the Martians returned to Earth exactly one hundred years after their first attempt to conquer it. Once again, mankind was at a loss to halt the Martians' advances. The atomic weapons created since the first invasion proved powerless against the Martians; in fact, the Martians used the Earth's atomic stockpiles to their own advantage. In one infamous moment, the Martians ignited all of Earth's atomic centers, adding untold devastation to that already inflicted upon Earth by their tripod machines.

In a last-ditch effort to thwart the Martians' scheme, Earth tried to defeat them with their old enemy-bacteria. This time, however, the Martians were prepared for biological deterrents and the bacteria bombs brought no ill effects to the invaders. For the Earthlings, it was another story. In their haste to create these deadly biological weapons, the humans had not created an immunity as the Martians wisely did. And so, the world the Martians conquered was sorely underpopulated.

Into this world was brought Killraven, a man who had been taught to kill as a form of amusement for his Martian masters. Killraven learned his lessons well and used them to his own advantage in breaking free of the Martians. He quickly became a free-booter, wandering the barbaric islands of the New York City boroughs.

Let's face it, Martians are here to stay! And with them, we have a wide variety of other creatures to meet and stories to wonder about. The Martians have certainly won their fight for liberation. Martians may not be as close to our hearts as monsters like Godzilla and King Kong, but they are always worthy candidates for conquerors of our planet Earth. ■

Another adaptation of Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS featured in CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED #124 (October, 1954). Many of the CLASSICS comics were illustrated by famous artists but, as you can see, WAR OF THE WORLDS wasn't so fortunate.

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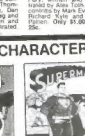

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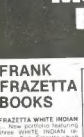

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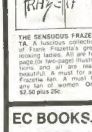

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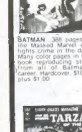

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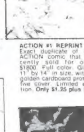

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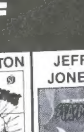

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EC REPRINT #1 is actually TALES FROM THE CRYPT #46 and it includes "Upon Reflection" by Jack Davis, "Blind Alleys" by George Evans, "Success Story" by Joe Orlando and "Terror at the Graving Yard" by Graham Ingels.

EC REPRINT #2 is actually WEIRD SCIENCE #15 and it includes four more EC classics in full color as they originally appeared. The stories are, "Masquerade" by Jack Kamen, "Bum Steer" by Joe Orlando, "The Martians" by Wally Wood and "Carnival" by Al Williamson.

EC REPRINT #3 is actually SHOCK SUSPENSE STORIES #12 and contains the following four stories: "The Monkey" by Joe Orlando, "Pat Boy" by Wally Wood, "Deadline" by Jack Davis and "The Kidnapper" by Reed Crandall.

EC REPRINT #4 is actually HAUNT OF FEAR #12 and contains "What's Cookin'?" by Jack Davis, "I'll Keep Watching" by Joe Orlando, "Go A Dead Man's Chest" by Johnny Craig and "Poetic Justice" by Graham Ingels.

EC REPRINT #5 is actually WEIRD FANTASY #13 and contains the following stories: "Home to Stay" by Wally Wood, "The Toll" by Jack Kamen, "The End" by Wally Wood, and "Don't Count Your Chickens" by Joe Orlando.

EC REPRINT #6 is actually CRIME SUSPENSTORIES #25 and contains "Three For The Money" by Jack Kamen, "Dog Food" by Reed Crandall, "The Whole Shebang" by Bernie Krigstein, and "The Squeaker" by George Evans.

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MAKING MARTIAN MONSTERS

BY RON HAYDOCK

How do you make a Martian monster? Many and varied are the ways. Former monster mag editor Ron Haydock tells you how monster-maker Paul Blaisdell fashioned the angry red planet dwellers from INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN and IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE herein...

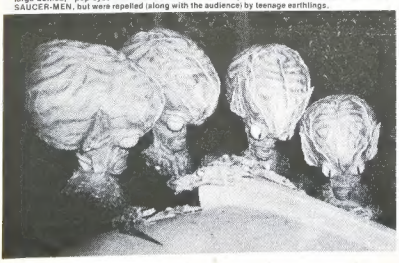
Former cowboy star Ray Corrigan, as a monstrous Martian stowaway, wreaks havoc with trapped space explorers in IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE. Monster-maker Paul Blaisdell had only 6 weeks to construct the entire creature—and still beat the deadline by a full 24 hours!

When the newly formed American International Pictures usurped Universal to become the **Number One Fright Film Factory** of the 50s, they began producing monster movies at a fantastic clip. Jack Pierce had long been the reigning make-up man at Universal, creating such stirring creatures as the Frankenstein Monster, the Wolf Man and Dracula, and AIP execs also found themselves in dire need of a make-up maven—one who could not only come up with original monsters but who could meet their hectic production schedules as well. They found *their* monster man in Paul Blaisdell, who, not unlike the noted Victor Frankenstein, actually created whole monsters, as opposed to only fashioning frightening monster make-ups for actors to wear on screen.

Blaisdell's precedent-setting catalogue of movie monsters included Martian desert creatures (**IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE**), radioactive mutant horrors (**DAY THE WORLD ENDED**), pint-sized saucer men with giant brains (**INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN**), and even monsters that looked like walking, stalking outsized carrots (**IT CONQUERED THE WORLD**). Paul's monsters came from outer space (**BEAST WITH A MILLION EYES**) and out of the past (**SHE CREATURE**) ... but mostly, of course, they came from his own imagination. And transferred then to the drawing board, such horrendous creatures as **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE** were soon coming to fullsized life in his own workshop in the distant mountains surrounding Hollywood, California ... a workshop where he constructed these monsters not with the parts of dead men, as had that other infamous monster maker, Victor Frankenstein, but with liquid latex rubber, aluminum plates, screwdrivers, burlap potato sacks, nuts and bolts, plaster of paris, modelling clay, pins and needles ... and even chicken wire!

Originally an artist, whose imaginative paintings of fantasy and sci-fi themes had graced the covers of sf magazines like **THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION** and **OTHER WORLDS**, Blaisdell was working as art director for William Crawford's **SPACE-WAYS** in 1955 when he learned that James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff, heads of the new AIP studio, were looking for a monster maker. After showing a few of his eerie etchings to the AIP execs, Blaisdell was commissioned to work up some monster characters around which screenplays could be written and horror films made. **THE BEAST WITH A MILLION EYES** was Paul's first fright foray and, after creating a good many of the most familiar AIP monsters, later freelanced for other studios as well, where he worked on films like **THE SPIDER, ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE, NOT OF THIS EARTH** and **THE UNDEAD.**

If it looks to you like some kind of creature conspiracy is going on here, you're right. These large-domed, pop-eyed mini-Martians tried to conquer Earth in INVASION OF THE SAUCER-MEN, but were repelled (along with the audience) by teenage earthlings.



MAKING MARTIAN MINI-MONSTERS

In the course of his studio work, Blaisdell had to come up with original Martian monsters. His first such creatures starred in a 1957 AIP film called **INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN.** The Saucer Men came from Mars via flying saucer and, standing five feet tall or even less, sported huge bulging eyes, giant heads that exposed their veins and brains, and claw-like fingers that projected sharp, deadly needles filled with alcohol. They came to Earth to conquer the planet (what else?) but were thwarted by a brave band of teenagers. Although the bug-eyed Blaisdell Martians failed in their attempt to enslave Earth, they succeeded in making their presence felt in other ways—by becoming the subjects of countless bubble gum cards, cartoon spoofs, comic book lampoons, and even appearing in a modified version in a Mexican horror film called **SHIP OF THE MONSTERS** in 1961.

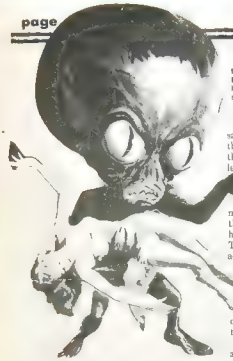
In addition to his monster movie duties, Paul found time to work as an editor of the now-defunct **FANTASTIC MONSTERS** magazine. He also wrote a regular column called **The Devil's Workshop**, in which he gave crash courses in the art of constructing creepy creatures. In one of those columns he described in detail the actual building of another infamous Martian—the lifesized monster who starred in **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE**, directed in 1958 by Edward Cahn and released by United Artists. In the account, however, Blaisdell rather modestly neglected to mention that the "prop builders" were none other than himself and his talented wife Jackie! But now let's let Paul do the telling of the tale behind about the making of **IT!**

MAKING IT!

"After the original sketches of **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE** were approved by producer Bob Kent, director Eddie Cahn, and scriptwriter Jerry Bixby," Paul related, "it was time for the 'prop builders' to go to work, and this is how they did it—and on time.

"First, a clay head was constructed over a plaster replica of a normal human being's head and shoulders. This would insure a reasonably good fit when it came time to wear the completed rubber head. The script called for a scaly desert creature that lived on Mars, and the sketches were closely followed...

"When the clay head for **IT** was completed, a row of aluminum plates, the size of playing cards, were pushed into the clay. They ran up the side of the neck, over the top of the head and down the other side, dividing the head into two parts, front and back. Casting plaster was mixed with water to the consistency of heavy whipping cream and brushed into the first half of the head. Since the plaster mold was to be a large, strong one, a layer of wet burlap strips was applied over this first layer of plaster before it dried. Extra layers of plaster and burlap were built up, until the mold was over an inch thick.



What's a nice guy like me doing in a face like this?" asks angry Blaisdell Martian. Despite this pressbook illustration, the Martians in INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN actually stood less than five feet tall

When the casting plaster burlap mixture was thoroughly dry, a similar mold was made over the back half of the head. This, when dry, completed the mold for the entire head. The two halves were pried apart with a screwdriver, and all clay 'scraps' were carefully removed from the mold.

"At this point a recount of the materials used involved the following: Modelling clay from the five and ten cent store. A sheet of 'do it yourself' aluminum from the local hardware store, and some casting plaster from the local lumber company. Empty potato sacks from the grocery store provided the burlap strips. The phone book, as usual, gave us the nearest company that sold liquid latex rubber, and a few quarts were purchased for the next same clay-to-plaster mold techniques as the head. Artificial eyes were also made at this point, but discarded later in favor of letting the actor (Ray Corrigan) use his real eyes, for greater realism and better vision. Additional shading and coloring with make up and greasepaint would 'polish off' the head, but there still remained the hands, feet, and body to be constructed. There were two ways this could be accomplished. The first way would be to construct a giant mold of the body in two parts, similar to the one for the head. This idea was discarded on the grounds that it would be a clumsy, time-consuming operation that, while effective, could only be indulged in by the largest of studios.

"A study of some old-fashioned suits of armor seemed to indicate a faster and more time proven way. Half a dozen one piece molds of lizard like 'scales' were made up, in varying sizes, over original clay models. A multitude of rubber castings was made from these plaster molds. These, in turn, were glued over a proper size suit of heavy winter underwear, with a good brand of 'contact bond' cement. The whole effect was remarkably like Medieval armor, in that the overlapping allowed for bending and flexing on the part of the actor, while still retaining enough rigidity so that the suit tended to support its own weight. 'Claws' were constructed in the same way, over heavy work gloves, and the three toed 'feet' were built over a pair of 'sneakers.' Entry into the suit was effected by a 'zipper' that ran the entire length of the spine, and was concealed by

Closeup of Martian mask designed for IT reveals hostile countenance of the Blaisdell monster, replete with narrow angry eyes, upturned snout, fangs and protruding tongue. Not the type you'd want to meet in a dark alley — or a well-lit one either.

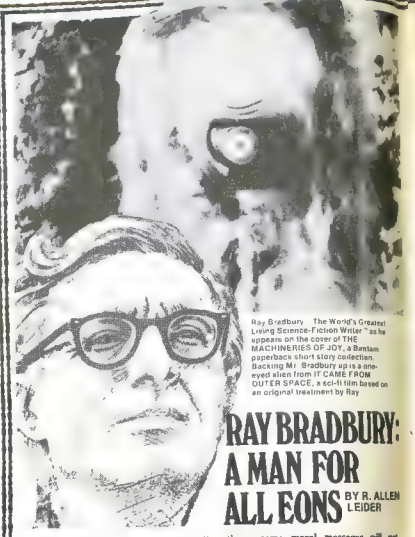
phase of the operation.

"The liquid latex was applied inside the head mold until sufficient layers were built up to the desired thickness. Each layer of latex was allowed to dry at room temperature, according to the instructions on the jar. A few drops of brown poster paint were mixed with each application of rubber to give the final product a desert beige 'lizard" color. When dry, the two halves of the head were peeled from their respective molds and seamed together with additional applications of latex. Ears for the head and teeth for the mouth were cast in rubber, following the the lizard man's' backbone.

"The completed suit was given final minor adjustments, to insure adequate fit and ventilation; then, in Jerry Bixby's action filled script, Ray Corrigan, in full monster dress, went on to survive heavy calibre gunfire, grenades, Bazooka shells and a radioactive furnace!

"From the time of the agreed-upon sketches to the completion of the operable suit, six weeks elapsed. The deadline? The prop builders' best: it by 24 hours...

"IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE became **IT!**, the terror that got there on time!" ■



Ray Bradbury. The World's Greatest Living Science-Fiction Writer" as he appears on the cover of THE MACHINERIES OF JOY, a Bantam paperback short story collection. Backing Mr. Bradbury up is a one-eyed alien from IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, a sci-fi film based on an original treatment by Ray

RAY BRADBURY: A MAN FOR ALL EONS

BY R. ALLEN LEIDER

Would it be going too far to call Ray Bradbury the Shakespeare of Science Fiction writing? Undoubtedly it would, but then Ray doesn't need to be called anything but Ray Bradbury, for the name has become synonymous with exciting, thoughtful fantasy adventure and fine, insightful writing. Media Editor R. Allen Leider, who's been a loyal fan of Ray's ever since we learned him how to read, was lucky enough to talk with Mr. Bradbury so that the Master can tell his own story here...

Ray Bradbury has been hailed as the World's Greatest Living Science Fiction Writer. How he got that distinction is a story that begins in, of all unscientific locations, Waukegan, Illinois in 1920. Ray had an ideal boyhood, hanging around circuses and carnivals in the warm summers and writing his fantasies as fast as they came. He sold newspapers and hawked articles for them, before his first story was published in 1941. Soon after that he began to act in local radio programs. He became a stage magician and fell in love with the theatre, finding it to be a mystical place of dreams and fantasies, much like the carnivals. Today all those wonderful boyhood experiences have been saved forever in his classic works.

Ray has won many major literary awards and has been published in almost every major American magazine. He has also written the screenplays for many motion pictures, and particular credit is due him for scripting Melville's MOBY DICK. In trying to root out the essence of Ray Bradbury, your TMT Media Editor ran up a huge phone bill calling the Master at his California residence and got severe eye-strain from re-reading all of Ray's works in a single night. Here, then, is a comprehensive chat with Ray Bradbury.

TMT: Ray, you call your stories Moral Tales rather than just science fiction stories. Why do you make that distinction?

RAY: I do it because I find a great lack in moral leadership in the world, and I hope that through my stories or fables, as I call them, some moral messages will get through to people who can use them to better their everyday lives. All around me I see clashes between science and religion and politics all because of a lack of this moral knowledge, and this is what I hope I can help to cure in my own small way.

These are, of course, the basic problems faced by the characters in Mr. Bradbury's fables. Amazingly enough the messages are clear and not lost in the intricate and fascinating plots Ray weaves around his basic ideas. His readers do get the moral message—the crux of his works—which, he feels, should be the basis for all literature and drama.

WANTED: MORE MORALS

But if not enough people gain moral insight, is there still hope for the future? Ray thinks so.

RAY: Today we have a wonderful crowd of kids. I work with them at the University, so I know them well. They

Like most people, Ray began life as a mere kid—albeit a highly serious-looking one. This rare shot of Ray originally appeared in the May '73 issue of TAKE ONE Magazine, which featured an excellent in-depth interview with the sci-fi master.

have much more information than we do, they have better and more sophisticated machines to aid them. And they DO trust people. The problems arise when we, the older generation, take advantage of them and lose that trust. We also give them very poor examples to follow. As I mentioned earlier, there is a leadership crisis in the world today. For one thing a scientist cannot tell another scientist what to do with his inventions. So, they go to a politician who goes to an Army man. The result is that the wrong people are in charge of the knowledge. It is a sad state of affairs. Then religious leaders get involved and make moral judgments and sooner or later ... BANG! I hope that my stories may solve a bit of this confusion. Think of me as Aesop: 2001 if you will.

TMT: Do you really think it will all end up in a big BANG?

RAY: I think all politics have been changed by the Hydrogen bomb. Which means we are shutting down our wars, one by one. I think the major fact of our time is that there will NEVER be another major war ... because of the Bomb. It guarantees us all a long life. There may be small conflicts here and there, maybe for quite a period of time, but there will never be the World War Three we fear so much.

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS was loosely based on a Bradbury story called "The Foghorn," considerably expanded to reach feature film length We'll have more about the BEAST next issue when he'll be starring in our TMT filmbook feature

BIRTH OF THE ILLUSTRATED MAN

TMT: Ray, where did the idea for the Illustrated Man and all those circus oriented tales come from?

RAY: I hung around circuses and carnivals a lot when I was a boy. I used to go out and carry water for the elephants, and help put up the tents. In my generation these were all the things a boy dreamed of doing. And every Labor Day weekend a small traveling carnival used to come and set up down by the lake and I got to know all the people connected with

Rod Steiger as THE ILLUSTRATED MAN applies pressure to Robert Drivas in a tense scene from the 1969 film adaptation of Ray's novel. Ray was disappointed by the filmmakers' poor handling of his material and also rejected a proposed TV show based on the book

that particular show. There was ELECTRICO, a man who sat in an electric chair and was fried every night. Then there was the usual assortment of clowns and magicians and tattooed men. These tattooed people fascinated me, so when it became time for me to write a lot of very strange fictions in my teens, I began to word associate and came up with the term Illustrated Man rather than tattooed. I then tried to sell a series based on this premise to radio back in the forties, but the concept of visualizing a man with all these pictures over him was just too much. So, I just collected all the script ideas and published them as the book.

TMT: Were you disappointed in the film?

RAY: Very much so. The screenwriter was an inept one, the director didn't know how to direct nor did he understand the stories. So, between the two of them they managed to diminish the material by at least seventy-five percent.

TMT: Wasn't there talk of an Illustrated Man TV show?

RAY: There was, but I always turned them down because I don't like television. There is no way of controlling the quality

... look what happened to NIGHT GALLERY and TWILIGHT ZONE

TMT: What do you think, then, about the screen treatment Truffaut gave your classic FAHRENHEIT 451?

RAY: That was different. I really admire that man and I like the film more each time I see it on TV. Yes, I DO watch. The problem is in TV you always need the one day more shooting that you can't have. In films you can re-shoot and each time you do, you get closer to the perfect product you desire. Truffaut did wonderful things with it.

TMT: Would you ever write for TV?

RAY: Heavens NO! Not that I have anything against the medium it has great potential—but I must have the TIME Give it to me or buy it for me, but one way or the other guarantee me the time to perfect what it is that I am trying to do.

TMT: Did you get that time with the film FAHRENHEIT 451?

RAY: No, but I think Truffaut got the time he needed. I do see flaws ... I think it is a bit soft in the middle. I think also that Montag gets out of the city too easy. But on the whole I think he did an exceptional job with it.

TMT: Why do you say that, if it had flaws?

RAY: Because Truffaut did things with it that no other director would have dared. It has one of the greatest endings of any film made in the last thirty years. The last ending as good was the finale of CITIZEN KANE where the sled is thrown on the fire And it wasn't my ending at all. It was starting to snow and most other directors would have closed up shop and gone home. But Truffaut said, "No, we will stay and use the snow and use it well." Well, my gosh, every time I see that ending I cry. I just love it.

TMT: You also have a thing about machines. Can you explain that a bit?

RAY: I see machines as extensions of man's strengths and weaknesses. The airplane is an extension of man's inability to fly, for example. The credit card is an extension of another machine ... the computer. What else is there to write about? We are surrounded by machines ... machines are freedom if we use them to benefit us. Do we really think about the moral impact of a credit card? Think about it. That small piece of plastic enables you to fly, ride, buy, get information or even money. It may be the ultimate machine and what is it?—A piece of plastic! The automobile, on the other hand, is a danger which must be controlled. Either we must become better drivers of better cars or the cars will get us.

TIMELESS TALES FOR TOMORROW

Ray prides himself on the timelessness of the stories he creates. He feels that a truly great literary work transcends all ages and becomes part of mankind. One of universal fable for all mankind. One of Bradbury's tactics to insure the timeless quality of his writings is to keep abreast of all new technological findings and to observe trends in socio-cultural living such as drug use, new freedoms and ideas on human relations. He contends that the current use of electronic and chemical means to expand the human mind was predictable long ago. And the future is even more predictable since the first prediction has already come true.

TMT: Do you think that there is really life beyond this planet?

RAY: Certainly If we were to send identical satellites into orbits of the same altitude over an unknown planet and over the Earth ... orbits of, say, five hundred miles, we would see the same thing ... look at the photos of Mars taken at five hundred miles .. see valleys, plains, craters ... the same photographic features of an area over Arizona or the Gobi Desert. No signs of life nor signs of civilization anywhere and yet on one of those planets ... ours ... we know life exists. Why not on the other?

Ray still contends that science fiction is the only area in which a modern day philosopher can work. "We live in a science fiction world," he says. "So what else can there be to write about? A lot of trouble with today's writers is that they cannot master the language. The language of a story is what supports it ... what gives the ideas body. Playwrighting is the best way to master the language because in writing dialogue every word counts." That is why the works of Ray Bradbury will be in print long after the pulps have disappeared from the shelves of the local candy store, the libraries, and have been lost in the dust of time. The appalling thought is that those paperback hacks get paid a fee of five cents a word for those temporary excursions into fantasy. A good idea is along worth more than that. Fantasy needs more than imagination, it needs experience, an awareness of total being and a mastering of the tools of writing Take a tip from Ray Bradbury live today, in our science fiction existence

WEALTH OF WRITING REVISITED

Among the most impressive writings of Ray Bradbury, these are available in BANTAM editions at your book, paper back store. They are a MUST for any Sci fier's personal library!

R IS FOR ROCKET More fantastic space a ds

DANDELION WINE A novel about a havin ng summer in a small town ... a was w ch that be s fateful fortunes a human bmo together a happ ness machine and a small boy who lived this strange adventure A powerful evocat on of ch ghood

FAHRENHEIT 451 A chilling story made into the great Truffaut film about an age when books are abo and firemen seek and bu n them

THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES The first Mars colony has to face the terrors of the Red P anet and themselves A classic Sc -Fi tic k

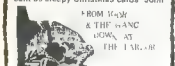
SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES Soon to be a emly hp ... A ... ...

the Monster Scene

In keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE . . . brought to you by your friendly fiends-in-the-field at TMT. (. . . listen for the sound of applause).

HORRORDAY GREETINGS

It's a well-known fact that monsters like Christmas too and your friendly fiends at TMT wish to thank all those readers who remembered that and sent us creepy Christmas cards. John



and Barbara Lee sent us a card featuring Kong with Mr. Claus in his claws and the Isaacs Family forwarded the warm mad hunchback greeting. Keep those cards and letters coming, fiends. ■

RED PLANET GUIDE

Anyone planning a trip to Mars might be wise to pick up a recently published book called MARS, The First Authentic Guide To Another World first Written by Patrick Moore and Charles A. Cross, the book is the first atlas of another planet and is replete with informative text and ample illustrations. An interesting trip across the craters, valleys and mountains of Mars, the work was published by Crown and sells for $7.95. Those disturbed by the authors' contention that "nine-tenths of life on Mars can be ruled out at once need only refer to this issue of TMT for instant and permanent refutation of that argument. While we can't say we can produce scientific documentation of our claim, we have it on the best authority of our most reliable imaginary friends that intelligent life does indeed exist on Mars. Whether it exists on Earth or not is another question entirely — and one which we wouldn't presume the expertise to answer. ■

"I know! Let's wreak vengeance on the forces of evil!"

SUPER STASIS

This cartoon featuring a bored band of sedentary superheroes appeared in the December 1973 issue of PLAYBOY and so appealed to us that we decided to run it here. Let's just hope that the current diseases popularly known as 'post-Watergate ennui' DOESN'T infect our most cherished superheroes. And while our present president didn't INVENT boredom and apathy, he certainly played a major part in bringing about their present revival. ■

SPACE RACE

According to an item appearing in the November 6 edition of The New York Times radio station KLOO in Corvallis, Oregon offered $10,000 to anyone who could bring a living space creature to their studio. Ever since the offer was first announced the station has been so swamped with calls from people claiming to have sighted aliens from outer space that KLOO owner and general manager Bob Hougham had to set up a special telephone to handle them all. A long distance caller from Pennsylvania played KLOO phone answerers a recording of an unearthly moan that according to the item had been emitted by a nine-foot hairy thing with red eyes running around the woods near Sharon Pa. Despite the massive phone response to the station's offer, no one as yet has actually produced a living space creature. While $10,000 strikes us as a pretty healthy sum, there must be easier ways of making a living. ■

MOON SHOT

The above shot of an oversized, astronaut walking on the moon and dwarfing its creator, artist Red Grooms, appeared in the December '16 edition of the Sunday Times Arts & Leisure section. "The Astronauts" is part of a larger exhibit called "The Ruckus World of Red Grooms" on display at the New York Cultural Center. A master of funny pop surrealism, Grooms has, over the years, applied his considerable talents to sculpture, film and larger-than-lifesized exhibits like "The Astronauts." As a filmmaker Red created the inventive live action & animated underground classic FAT FEET and once, in tribute to fantasy film pioneer George Melies made a film modeled on Melies' A TRIP TO THE MOON, done in the early French filmmaker-magician's style, as well as starring in a Kuchar Brothers' (of SINS OF THE FLESHAPOIDS fame) film THE SECRET OF WENDELL SAMSON. Many of New York's underground artists and filmmakers have made use of sci-fi and fantasy themes in their work, and no one does it more humorously or more successfully than Red Grooms. ■

FLASH FROM THE PAST

According to this ad for the Atlantic Richfield Company appearing in a recent issue of The New Yorker the only solution to the heavy traffic problems burdening our cities is a new system of transportation, one that would involve the construction of, among other things, monorails. To illustrate their ad, the company used an Alex Raymond sketch of a supercity depicted in his famous FLASH GORDON syndicated comic strip. Though Raymond drew his supercity sketch way back in 1938, modern man has yet to catch up with Alex's visions, and it looks like it will be quite a while yet before the Fun City subway system is closed and reopened as an underground museum. ■

THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT

BY JASON THOMAS

Why, you ask, would the editors of TMT mar an otherwise excellent (at least not bad) issue with a pointless piece about such as THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT? Well, the truth is that all the high quality stuff featured in this issue was beginning to get to us, and we further figured that the only antidote would-be an unhealthy dose of the usual TMT lowbrow "comic" relief. Besides, if we didn't give you THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT, we would have only given you SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS instead. Ya just can't win...

The Three Stooges—Moe Howard, Larry Fine and "Curly Joe" DeRita—engage in "zany" antics prior to taking off in a flying saucer submarining tank-spaceship that takes them, at one point in the pointless proceedings, past the moon (left). THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT was also issued in photo-story comic book form by Gold Key. So you've got more than just the film to avoid.

There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that the Three Stooges were the first men to land on the moon in 1952 although they might have been a better choice than the trio that did actually land there in 1969. Whatever happened to those guys anyway?

I'm happy to report that, in my humble estimation, most films dealing with Martians and/or trips to the Angry Red Planet are fairly good. Some, like **WAR OF THE WORLDS**, are even excellent. Unfortunately, there are a few that give the Martian movies a bad name. The two motion pictures leading the loser parade are **THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT** and **SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS**. Not only are they terrible Martian flicks, but two of the all-time worst films ever produced in any category. For **SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS**, we'll maintain a tactful policy of silence. However, if you want to find out about the other one read on. But don't say I didn't warn you.

STOOGES MEET MARTIANS

As the story of **THE THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT** (also known as **THE THREE STOOGES MEET THE MARTIANS**) opens, the three little idiots are looking for rooms for the night. At a secluded little place called Hawk Hill Manor, Professor Danforth, the owner, tells them that they are welcome to spend the night there. Before they retire, the odd ball scientist boasts that he has recently invented a combination sub marine, tank and space vehicle. Naturally, the Stooges humor him, but they really begin to doubt his sanity when he insists that an agent from another planet has been attempting to steal the top secret plans.

Later that night, a monstrous hand emerges through a hole in the wall and scares Curly Joe out of whatever wits he has. A pitiful-looking creature then causes havoc among the household, but Curly-Joe manages to knock out the intruder and learn that it is none other than the butler, wearing a Halloween mask and rubber hands. The professor arrives on the scene with a rifle, but the villain disintegrates it with his ray pistol. After the Stooges flee for their lives, the spy makes his way down to the cellar, where he contacts Mars via a hidden video communicator. The Martian leaders, who are anxious to invade Earth for some unknown reason, decide to send Ogg and Zogg to replace their bumbling agent. Professor Danforth discovers this, but his attempt to convince the authorities fails. He has no choice but to seek out the Stooges (who have an asinine TV show in the film) and ask for their assistance.

While Danforth is out searching for the trio, a Martian space vehicle lands on the front lawn of the house. Two inept-looking creatures emerge and set out to find the butler. When they do, they force him into the craft and send him back to Mars. They then set up operations and wait for the professor to return so that they can steal his machine.

Some time later, the Stooges and their inventor friend return and begin looking for the butler. Since the video-communicator has been hidden, the Stooges think that Danforth has a slipped gear or two. However, they stay on to help him with his invention. An Air Force captain arrives to inspect the machine and, on the following day, he convinces the local general to schedule a display of the craft's abilities. Inadvertently, the Martians help the Stooges by blasting a hole in the wall with their hand disintegrator, which enables the Stooges to drive the vehicle to the airfield. Along the way, they lose control of the craft. They can't stop it! The general and his staff end up having to run away from the submarine shaped inven tion. The situation worsens when the device starts crashing through buildings and tearing everybody on the base. After a while, the machine flies off and lands miles away in a remote desert area. Unknown to the Stooges, they are right near ground zero of an atomic testing site!

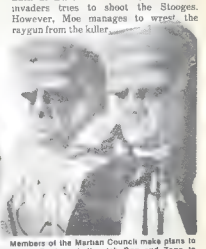
Night falls as the trio realize that they are in the middle of nowhere. Dismantling the engine in the dark, they accidentally replace the carburetor with an experi mental atomic depth charge that detonates on contact with water. Soon afterward, they can't help noticing that the vehicle is faster than it used to be. Moe shoves the throttle forward and unknowingly sends the craft into outer space. When the passengers look through the periscope, they see that they are circling the moon (already?). Eventually, the craft is returned to Hawk Hull Manor.

MORE MARTIAN MISHAPS

In appreciation of the Stooges' help, Danforth applies eerie make-up to the boys and makes an electronic cartoon from their live action skits. This will hopefully save their dying TV program. After the professor leaves to have the film developed, Ogg and Zogg (remember them?) enter and naturally assume that the idiots are Martians. They use the tele-communicator to contact the rulers of the Red Planet, who instruct them to steal Danforth's machine and then destroy Earth (gulp!). Just as the Stooges are about to be disintegrated, they throw a pail of soapy water at the invaders and run out the door in typical fashion.

Finding the vehicle on the front lawn, the alien agents mount their "Great Weapon"—a death ray cannon—on its rear deck. They then enter the control cabin and try to figure out the controls. As the machine's motor starts, the Stooges come running out of the house. Deducing that the Martians are trying to steal the craft, they jump aboard just as the thing takes off. They try the cabin doors, but they're locked. Helpless, the idiots hang on for dear life.

Confident of their powers, the Martians take their time and use their ray cannon to blow up a gasoline storage tank. Moe just happens to have a bag of water on his person, so he pours the liquid down the periscope in order to "blind" the invaders. Strangely enough, it actually enters the sub/tank/spaceship and hits Ogg (or is it Zogg?) right in the face. The dummies then manage to point the Great Weapon skyward. Unaware of this, Ogg (Zogg?) fires the cannon and send a destructive beam of energy straight toward Mars (sure!). The ray just happens to hit the Martian capitol building and wipes it out. Back at Danforth's vehicle, one of the invaders tries to shoot the Stooges. However, Moe manages to wrest the raygun from the killer.



Members of the Martian Council make plans to invade Earth and dispatch Ogg and Zogg to carry out these plans, which (predictably enough) soon go awry. The film represented the Stooges' second space venture, the first having transpired in HAVE ROCKET, SHALL TRAVEL (1959). The Stooges' comedy is timeless, however; it's ALWAYS inane and irrelevant.

Using the weapon like an acetylene torch, Moe severs the cabin wall from the rest of the vehicle. The Martians plummet to the ground while the Stooges cling to the still-operating rotor section. To the eternal regret of Ogg and Zogg, their useless hulk hits the ocean and explodes (didn't forget about the atomic depth charge, did you?). As a gigantic mushroom cloud forms in the distance, the Stooges somehow maneuver their section toward the TV studio. They crash through the roof of the building just in time to sign the network a TV contract (too bad!).

I guess you like poorly done slapstick and idiocy, don't see this loser. ■

THREE STOOGES N ORBIT (1962) B
Directed by Edward Bernds
Larry Fine Joe DeRita
Edson Stroll George Nic

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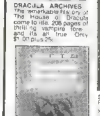

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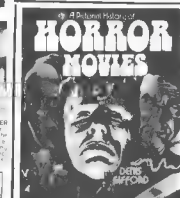

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A Martian invasion of Earth wreaked havoc on the world in the film version of H.G. Wells WAR OF THE WORLDS in 1953. Fifteen years earlier Orson Welles radiocast-inspired a real outbreak of panic and paranoia among the citizenry of this country, who indulged in a mass freak-out worthy of any science fiction film

A 23-year-old Orson Welles directs the progress of the WAR OF THE WORLDS radiocast. After hearing of the panic they had inadvertently wrought, Orson and crew left the studio via the back way

WAR OF THE WELLES

One of the most astounding incidents of mass hysteria ever recorded in the history of our fairly hysterical land was inspired by what was meant to be a harmless radio play based on H.G. Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS. Orson Welles' Mercury Theater broadcast turned out to be far more effective than the then boy genius ever expected, as you'll see herein...

Wells the British fantasy master (H.G.) who inspired panic-stricken citizens to run amok one Halloween eve in 1938

During the night of October 30th, 1938, some six million Americans heard some rather startling "news" CBS radio. **"Ladies and gentlemen,"** spoke a serious voice, **"I have just been handed a message that came in from Grovers Mill by telephone. Just a moment. At least forty people, including six state troopers, lie dead in a field east of the village of Grovers Mill, their bodies burned beyond all possible recognition. The next voice you hear will be that of Brigadier General Montgomery Smith, commander of the state militia at Trenton, New Jersey."**

After a brief pause, radio listeners were treated to the following message, delivered by "General Smith": **"I have been requested by the governor of New Jersey to place the counties of Mercer and Middlesex as far west as Princeton, and east to Jamesburg, under martial law. No**

Unfortunately, many listeners—an estimated 20% of the total radio audience, in fact—thought they were listening to news bulletins describing an actual invasion of earth by murderous Martians! People all over the country flooded the streets in a mad attempt to escape the imaginary menace. No one died as a result of the inadvertent chaos, but several were injured, and one woman was just about to take poison before her husband stopped her with only seconds to spare. The mass hysteria astounded many psychologists, as well as CBS and Welles' Mercury Theater company, both of which were immediately hit with several lawsuits as a re-

DAILY NEWS

FAKE RADIO 'WAR' STIRS TERROR THROUGH U.S.

The headlines for October 31, 1938 gives you some idea of the incredible effect Welles Mercury Theater broadcast had on the citizenry of those United States

New York Evening Telegram

"Frighted with Falsc Fire."

sult of the innocently intended broadcast (since there was no precedent for the case, none of the lawsuits ever proceeded as far as the courtroom). An editor of The New York Times recalled the broadcast in the following way: **"The panic came in the night. Here, there and everywhere people suddenly dropped to their knees and began to moan and babble. Housewives wept, tore their hair and fell into swoons. Grown men wept, too, and dashed about the streets. College boys trembled and prayed. Telephone lines were clogged with calls. In a few hours more the Red Cross and the National Guard would have had to be mobilized."**

PARANOID POPULACE

The whole amazing episode is recounted in **Howard Koch's THE PANIC BROADCAST**, a slim but fascinating book (published by Avon, that includes the actual script the author wrote for that historical radio show. The terror the show inspired in our paranoid citizenry remains unequaled in radio history. Farmers grabbed their trusty shotguns and rallied to fight the alien invaders; one man, in the midst of fleeing the invasion by car, drove back homewards after suddenly remembering that he had forgotten to bring his dog along. That Americans, in such great numbers (over a million), were so ready to believe that so unlikely and unprecedented a catastrophe was occurring in their very midst was no doubt at least partially attributable to the widespread feeling that war was at hand—Hitler was already mobilizing his troops in Europe and American newspapers were warning of impending global conflicts. Still, the American public's propensity for believing such a tale without much questioning (a simple switch of the radio dial to another station would have been enough to dispel any belief in an actual invasion) was disturbing to many, particularly to Orson Welles, who had to bear the brunt of the resultant criticism. While many faulted Welles and CBS for pulling a cruel Halloween hoax, other contemporary critics lauded him for putting the people (however inadvertently) to a telling test.

At any rate, the infamous WAR OF THE WORLDS broadcast provided an interesting demonstration of the paranoia of its time. For the rest of the strange story, we suggest you pick up a copy of Howard Koch's THE PANIC BROADCAST, a book that succeeds in asserting the idea that truth is not only stranger than fiction but very similar to it. J.R.

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INVADERS FROM MARS!

"I'M DAVID McLEAN, JUNIOR SCIENTIST AND AS I GO TO BED THIS NIGHT, I HAVE NOT THOUGHT OF WAKING TO AN UNBELIEVABLE NIGHTMARE OF DEATH AND EVIL."

"IT IS 4 A.M. WHEN LIGHTNING AND THUNDER ② ROUSE ME—RUNNING TO CLOSE THE WINDOW, I AM BLINDED BY A GREEN SPACE SHIP ZOOMING INTO A SANDPIT BEHIND MY HOME, AND DEAFENED BY A LOUD HUMMING NOISE."

"I AM SURE THE FIRE-BALL IS A SPACE SHIP MY ③ FATHER AN ENGINEER AT THE CORAL BLUFFS HUSH-HUSH ATOMIC PROJECT, LAUGHS BUT GOES TO INVESTIGATE."

BUT IT DID HAPPEN OFFICERS! MY HUSBAND WALKED OUT THERE AND VANISHED! IF YOU'LL ONLY LOOK AROUND...

SURE—LADY—BUT IT'S CRAZY!"

"THE OFFICERS DISAPPEAR IN THE FIELD TOO—THEN MY FATHER COMES BACK—BUT HE IS DIFFERENT—COLD AND HARD. HE HAS A VIVID RED SCAR ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK. WHEN I ASK ABOUT T

DON'T CALL ME A LIAR! I SAID I RAN INTO A BARBED WIRE FENCE!"

THE POLICE RETURN WITH RED NECK SCARS, TOO THEN, THROUGH MY TEARS, I SEE KATHY WILSON SWALLOWED UP!

"WHEN KATHY COMES BACK, SHE BURNS ④ DOWN HER HOME—AND THEN DROPS DEAD!"

KATHY!

"MORE AND MORE PEOPLE VANISH BRIEFLY RETURNING WITH THE RED SCARS. EVEN MY MOTHER DOES. I TRY TO WARN PEOPLE OF THE TERRIBLE DANGER. NO ONE WILL BELIEVE ME UNTIL I MEET DR. PAT BLAKE!"

WE'RE GOING TO SEE PROF. KELSTON AT THE OBSERVATORY! HELL KNOW WHAT TO DO—

POLICE

"PROF. KELSTON WASTES NO TIME... HE ⑥ 'PHONES GENERAL MAYBERRY AT CORAL BLUFFS BUT"

MY FATHER AND THE GENERAL! BUT WHO—WHAT IS IN THAT SANDPIT—?

"I AM FAIRLY SURE IT IS A SPACE SHIP, COMMANDED BY A MARTIAN AND MANNED BY SYNTHETIC HUMANS CALLED MUTANTS! WE MUST MOVE FAST OR CORAL BLUFFS AND ALL OF US WILL BE DESTROYED!"

ORDERS CRACKLE OVER LONG-DISTANCE ⑤ 'PHONES—SNAP ALONG WIRELESS WAVES—AND SWIFTLY THE ARMY MOVES IN!

ELECTRONICS EXPERT ROTH MAKES A HAIR RAISING DISCOVERY!"

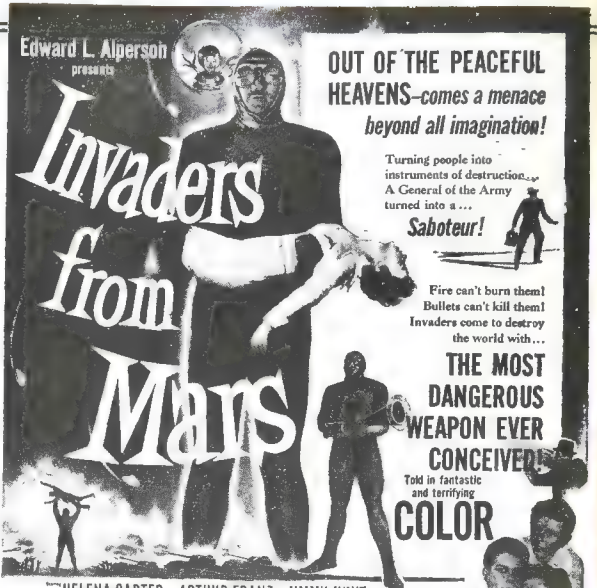
THIS CAME FROM KATHY'S NECK. IT IS LIKE A RADIO RECEIVER SUNK IN THE BRAIN BY THE MARTIANS!"

THEN IF WE CAN FIND THE WAVE LENGTH WE CAN LOCATE THE SPACE SHIP'S UNDERGROUND HIDING PLACE!

AS THEY DRAG US TO THE SPACE SHIP AND ⑨ THEIR HIDEOUS MARTIAN MASTER, WE SEE THE DREADED INFRA-RED DISINTEGRATOR AT WORK

THIS IS DONE THE ARMY BLASTS A HOLE ⑦ IN THE SANDPIT SOLDIERS POUR UNDERGROUND BUT NOT IN TIME TO KEEP PAT AND ME FROM BEING CAPTURED BY THE MUTANTS!

FOR THE TENSE AND GRIPPING UNDERGROUND BATTLE BETWEEN MEN OF EARTH AND THE HORRENDOUS CREATURES FROM OUTER SPACE, FOR THE DARING RESCUES OF PAT AND ME FOR THE FATE OF THE SPACE SHIP AND IT'S FRIGHTFUL PASSENGERS SEE "INVADERS FROM MARS" COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL NEIGHBORHOOD MONSTER TIMES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Invaders from Mars
OUT OF THE PEACEFUL HEAVENS–comes a menace beyond all imagination!
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with LEIF ERICKSON · HILLARY BROOKE · MORRIS ANKRUM · MAX WAGNER · BILL PHIPPS · HELBURN STONE
Produced, Designed and Directed by WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES
Screenplay by RICHARD BLAKE

A 1953 ad for INVADERS FROM MARS emphasizes the moronic Martian henchmen over the far more-ingenious and menacing Martian 'intelligence,' a tiny head and stunted torso encased in a transparent bubble. The frightened tots of the '50s seemed particularly paranoid about Mars. Maybe they thought the "Red Planet" was so called because it was swarming with God ess commies

Many of THE MONSTER TIMES' sprawling staff members spent their formative years being frightened by the monster movies of the fifties ... and, one of the most frightening of them all was William Cameron Menzies' INVADERS FROM MARS. Though the film has been much-maligned by many monster moviegoers, we feel that it struck successfully at the very heart of the pure paranoia of childhood, especially as it was experienced in the fearful '50s, and also represented at least a minor triumph of talent over economic limitations. Jim Wnoroski feels the same way and explains why herewith...

INVADERS FROM MARS
BY JIM WNOROSKI

The science fiction "B" film of the fifties ran the gamut from the eminently literate to the utterly juvenile. Depending on how you judge films, William Cameron Menzies' **INVADERS FROM MARS** could fall into either of these two opposing categories. Made in 1953, **INVADERS FROM MARS** was a major venture into the realm of science fiction.

Apparently intended for the children's matinee market on Saturday & Sunday afternoons, the picture incuded all the juvenile cliches common to the "popcorn and soda" set. There's the youthful hero, monsters, guns, action, a 4% love interest, more action, and more monsters. Yet through all these obvious production restrictions, **INVADERS FROM MARS** goes beyond just the run-of-the-mill 50s space opera.

This Martian minion doesn't look especially alert but that ray-rifle he's holding is enough to scare Jimmy Hunt, our diminutive hero.

Director William Cameron Menzies, noted for his work on **THINGS TO COME** and **CHANDU THE MAGICIAN** in the 1930s, put together **INVADERS** as his last film effort, and, although it has been criticized and panned by many serious film mavens, **INVADERS FROM MARS** stands as the undiscovered golden nugget in a vein now thought to be thoroughly tapped out, although TV editor-butchers usually slash it till it's almost unintelligible.

KID SPOTS SPACE INVADERS

For those who haven't seen the motion picture, the story concerns itself with a young boy named David McLean (Jimmy Hunt), who stands as the sole witness to the arrival of invaders from space. With these Martians hidden securely under ground and out of sight, David's incredible story is first looked upon with laughter and scorn, but finally believed when a positive adult sighting is offered. Throughout this, David's parents, friends and neighbors fall helplessly under the control of the invaders, who can kill their electronically controlled "flunkies" when ever they so desire. When the monsters are finally destroyed at the film's conclusion, the audience is told that everything presented was in actuality just the product of David's hyperactive imagination; then, lo and behold, his dream starts to become reality!

And through it all, from its original release to its constant re-issue on independent television stations, **INVADERS FROM MARS** continues to draw harsh criticism and rounds of laughter from most viewers–when actually it stands as one of the most brilliantly conceived fantasy films of the 1950s.

For, in fact, the story on the screen is the visualization of a child's dream. **INVADERS FROM MARS** could readily be labeled as a nightmarish, Expressionist science fiction answer to **THE WIZARD OF OZ**, the main difference being that the audience suspends its belief in reality in **OZ** when Dorothy reaches the fantastic and of witches, robots and manchkins, while in **INVADERS** the typical viewer is critical of David's environment because of its closeness to the concrete conceptions of the everyday world.

Set designer Boris Leven, who recently worked on Robert Wise's sf effort **THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN**, obviously tried to embody a dreamlike atmosphere within the construction of all his scene designs. Long Kafkaesque corridors, void of all decoration, appear in several forms throughout the film, first in the police station, where the walls are a bare sterile white—save for a wall clock with hands that never move—secondly at the observatory, where again rooms are completely devoid of any objects—including such necessities as light fixtures, electric outlets, base boards or wall trimming.

Leven's use of stark outdoor settings also lends a great deal to the film's look of being out of proportion. The dead, branchless trees, the globular bubbles of the subterranean Martian tunnels, and the inherently simple look of the invaders saucer all lend themselves to the progressing air of unreality.

The actors in the film are admirably directed by Menzies, and simulate the "realness" that often accompanies a nightmare. Leif Erickson and Hillary Brooke, as the boy's parents, work well at conveying the alien coldness of people possessed. The idea of parental betrayal is a deep-seated fear experienced by many kids at one time or another, and it's taken here to its most terrifying, paranoid extreme.

Menzies also brings his characters in and out of the picture without constant requestification of their existence. When David discovers a neighbor's house on fire, John Eldridge, playing a Mr. Turner rushes into the frame with a hose water and no explanation. Secretaries and army officials also appear with expectations of re-meeting later on–yet are never heard from again. Those who dream (and don't we all?) can no doubt recall a senseless

reverie where people, both known and unknown, have moved about from role to role. Menzies' use of this technique again generates this notion of it all being part of a dream.

MARTIAN MUSIC

Another effective asset to the picture's overall surreal quality is the terrifyingly eerie music score by Raoul Kraushaar. Composer Kraushaar had up till then never written anything sensational, working mainly on westerns and comedy programs. His score for **INVADERS FROM MARS** was a distinct departure from all his previous music in that it employed unusual choral arrangements performed, in most instances, completely acappella.

While orchestral instrumentation is used in various places, all the musical pieces are of a calibre not usually encountered in a science fiction movie. Kraushaar's choral group conjures up visions of a dying Martian landscape or the wailing of frightened minds in hell. It is truly one of the best and most effective scores of its type.

But it is Menzies' sense of timing and direction that accounts for most of the film's success. The fact that the motion picture is just a child's nightmarish fantasy was Menzies' springboard for a wealth of interesting ideas and innovations. Take, for example, the horribly cold alien expressions he garnered from the stock company of actors. One where a small, frail child is caught in the domination of the Martian intelligence is particularly effective and frightening.

One of the most blatant faults of the film, however, are the obese Martian slaves who run stiffly about in costumes obviously dashed off on the spur of the moment. They could have been made with much more care and detail in relation to the values maintained in other parts of the picture, and it's really too bad the budget didn't permit it.

EYES OF MARS

In opposition, the film's most brilliant conception is the encased Martian intelligence that silently, but maliciously, controls the tactics of the attempted Earth takeover. Cold and calculating, the Martian "mankind" is probably one of the most unforgettable horrors of that science fiction period. The uncredited actor who portrayed it turned in what is by far the most convincing performance of the production. Without uttering a word his eyes and facial expressions conveyed all the hatred, ruthlessness and contempt that was needed to strike fear into both David and the audience. The tentacled head was described by scenarist Richard Blake in the following manner

"The Martian is about thirty inches in height, most of it head, which is bald, monstrously domed, with a tiny ageless face and deep-set eyes that peer from their sockets with a strange ophidian luster. There is a suggestion of a stomach, with the appendages trailing off into vague tentacles. He is entirely covered by the plastic bell jar, and sits so frozen and unmoving that he appears to be a wax figure until we are suddenly aware of the eyes moving to the right and left."

Unfortunately the ad campaigns for **INVADERS** played up the Martian giants with posters and stills rarely relying on the Martian intelligence for seat selling power.

Today much of what Menzies intended **INVADERS FROM MARS** to be has been lost to merciless independent television presentations. In most cases the original color print is no longer used, having been supplanted by an inferiorduped black & white film copy.

MARS MARRED BY MINDLESS BUTCHERS

20th Century-Fox, the original releasing company that handled **INVADERS**, has long since sold their American distribution rights to smaller TV stations across the country. What they've done, besides deleting the color, is to remove small segments from the movie for easier programming into TV's cherished 90 minute slot. Most times Arthur Franz's beautiful opening narration has been cut along with the whole build up to the boy's nightmare sequence. Many viewers have never seen the parents in other than their zombie like alien state. Menzies' early presentation of the "loving and interested" couple is later crucial to appreciating David's dismay when they change. But, alas, the cutters rarely cut for art's sake!

English author John Baxter, in his book **SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CINEMA**, states that **INVADERS FROM MARS** was released in 3-D during its original London billing in 1954. This unusual contention, though the American press releases make no mention of any such dimensional photography, seems to bear up under a careful watching of the film. Made during the era when 3-D was in vogue, the film's credits are printed in depth blocking against a background of different sized planetoids. The placement of props and people in the front, middle or back of the scene would seem to denote the use of common 3-D techniques. Baxter also cites the repetitive use of certain stock armed forces scenes, one that were employed up to three times each due to the great shortage of dimensional footage.

At any rate, it's an interesting possibility.

To call a film like **INVADERS FROM MARS** a "classic" would be futile. Either you enjoy watching it or you don't; there's rarely an inbetween. **INVADERS** is, in this writer's estimate, a good film bordering on greatness. It's all just the work of a young boy's paranoid imagination, nothing more, but it is this that gives it its charm. Accepting this, why not take another look next time the film is aired? You may be in for a happy surprise. ■

The Martians were particularly fond of infiltrating the brains of our most trusted authoritarian figures—soldiers, cops and even army generals. The McCarthy era was rife with terror tales about mind-controlling aliens from outer space and even Russia.

INVADERS FROM MARS (1953) Fox 77 minutes Directed by William Cameron Menzies Screenplay by Richard Blake Special effects by Jack Cosgrove With Jimmy Hunt Helena Carter, Arthur Franz Leif Erickson Hillary Brooke, Morris Ankrum Max Wagner Jean Pereau, Bill Phipps Milburn Stone Robert Shayne

The sinister, Oriental-looking Martian "mankind" watches over alien enslaved carried out by his zipperhead slaves. Some scare scholars argue that the Martian henchmen were dumb looking by design in order to approximate the kind of monsters a paranoid kid might dream up.

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BY BILL FERET

HISTROIRES EXTRAORDINAIRES D'APRES EDGAR ALLEN POE is undoubtedly too long for any theatre marquee so you can look for it under the title **TALES OF MYSTERY**. It combines three tales of Poe each with a different director and an all star cast. The first episode, directed by Roger Vadim is **Metzengerstein** and stars his ex-wife Jane Fonda and his ex-brother-in-law Peter Fonda. It's the least absorbing of the three.

The next, **William Wilson** is a tale of paranoia starring Alain Delon and Brigitte Bardot. This one is directed by Louis Malle. And the last and perhaps most effective is directed by the incomparable Fellini and titled **Toby Dammit**. It stars Terence Stamp and is a masterpiece of the weird and surreal in modern times.

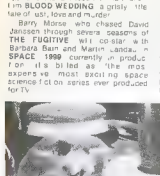
A personal favorite of mine French actress Stephane Audran stars opposite Michel Piccoli in the French film **BLOOD WEDDING** a grisly tale of lust, love and murder.

Barry Morse who chased David Janssen through seven seasons of **THE FUGITIVE** will co-star with Barbara Bain and Martin Landau in **SPACE 1999** currently in production. It is billed as "the most expensive most exciting space science fiction series ever produced for TV.

Keep your eyes out for the opening of John Boorman's **ZARDOZ** it looks like it is going to be a blockbuster. With Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling top-lined. It's a film of 300 years in the future contains striking sets costumes and effects and lots of flesh - w'hat?

There's a new organization on the scene here in the New York area called **THE SCIENCE FICTION FILM SOCIETY**. Films like **METROPOLIS** and **THE THING** are shown and discussed at the Good Shepherd Church on East 31st Street. You can call Tom Tresser here in New York at (212) 683-3653 for further information.

And last but not least . . . Being a complete devotee of Anne McCaffrey's Dragon series for Ballantine Books, **DRAGONFLIGHT** and **DRAGONQUEST** had to find out if there's be more of these delightful stories from her vivid pen. Sure enough some where next year will we be treated to the third installment **THE WHITE DRAGON**. If you haven't read them as yet do so in a hurry so you can be ready to ride your own personal dragon when next Miss McCaffrey takes us to the **Dragonriders of Pern**. What a marvelous project this could be in the hands of Hanna-Barbera. I'll bring it always wanted a dragon.

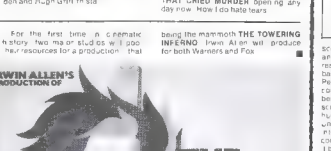


Michael Moorcock's novel of the traveling computers and a search for the new messiah entitled **THE FINAL PROGRAMME** should be among up soon. Jon Finch, star of Hitchcock's **FRENZY**. Sterling Hayden and Hugh Griffith star.

On this December 30th past, Channel 9 in New York screened an obscure sci-fi satire called **THE MONITORS** starring Guy Stockwell, Susan Oliver, Avery Schreiber, Sherry Jackson, Larry Storch, Keenan Wynn, Shepherd Sindwood . . . and the individual in the above photo, an end vidual near and dear to our black hearts. The first fiend to guess the identity of the above mystery actor will be sent a free subscription to **THE MONSTER TIMES**. So plug in your thinking e.ectrodes and get to work.

While we're in the realm of the tube let us hope you haven't gotten attached to Kerr Duncas's **THE STAR LOST**. The series has called it quits after 13 episodes. I don't think they ever find the accident which may be for the better. Golden Gate Films should have their entry **THE HOUSE THAT CRIED MURDER** opening any day now. How I do hate tears.

For the first time in cinematic history two major studios will pool their resources for a production that is being the mammoth **THE TOWERING INFERNO**. Irwin Allen will produce for both Warners and Fox.



SF&F

In addition to being a sci-fi scholar and all-around Wizard of the weird, ED SUMMER owns and operates the Supersnipe Bookstore, a well-stocked, sprawling lair's paradise specializing in comics, film books, and other tomes & items dealing with fantasy. In return for the above plug, Ed will be scurrying about to bring you the latest scoops from the world of science fiction, where anything can happen and once in a while does.

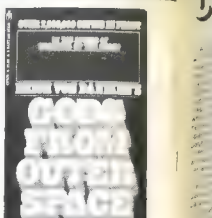
LOW MAN ON THE SCIENTIFIC TOTEM POLE

There is a group of men who are among either the greatest scientific geniuses of our times or the most banal science fiction writers of the past forty years. Men like Donald Keyhoe, Emanuel Velikovsky, and one of the most recent, Erich von Daniken.

Erich von Daniken's three books **CHARIOTS OF THE GODS** (Bantam G5753 $1.25) **GODS FROM OUTER SPACE** (Bantam G7276, $1.25) and **GOLD OF THE GODS** (Putnam $6.95) read like a strange mixture of Jules Verne, Richard Halliburton **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN** and **THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER**. Their contention is a simple Archaeological evidence exists which proves that the earth was visited in ancient times by extraterrestrial beings. The average man, writes von Daniken, "cannot carry out the experiments which ought to lead to the proof of a theory. I want to start Julio Prajob with my theories. No more but also no less. I have put forward my new theories. I leave it to the scientific world to answer."

This is certainly a reasonable request and von Daniken certainly makes a reasonable attempt to substantiate his theories.

As the theories in these books were to be made, I had to put to the avid reader, with one important exception. Von Daniken is writing REAL phenomenon and REAL



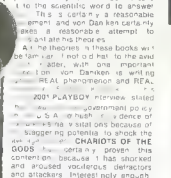
2001 PLAYBOY interview stated

government policy

S.A. or Russia's desire

Suggests potential to shock the

CHARIOTS OF THE GODS has certainly proven this contention. Readers have shocked and aroused vociferous detractors and backers. Interest is high enough many of these books have very strong religious affiliations or viewpoints. While it's easy enough to discredit many of von Daniken's ideas

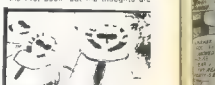


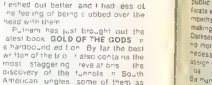
scientifically (e.g., his Easter Island art greatly resembles the Mayan resistance to his books seems to be based on purely irrational grounds. People apparently do not wish to confront the possibility of our having been visited by spacemen at all—regardless of whether or not only, not humanistically narrow, no way, unless I'm mistaken Mr. von Daniken's intentions. It is precisely such confrontations the books, whether I be to prove him wrong or right. And he seems inadvertently to have hit a region right in the bread-basket. The terror sounds just like the one that surrounded the Scopes MONKEY TRIAL back in the 20s.

The first book **CHARIOT OF THE GODS** has sold over 3 mil on copies in 4 languages since its initial publication in 1968. The book is a fas- 40 year old journalist and

ff tation but it serves as a good contextual introduction to Mr. von Daniken's theories, and the last 10% of the book is "I make your head spin."

GODS FROM OUTER SPACE the second tome is far more dignified and contains much more perplexing information. For me, the crux here is those mysterious stone spheres that I saw over the jungles of Costa Rica. It's worth reading just for that. There is a certain amount of repetition of the first book but the thoughts are

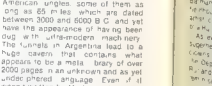




I ached out better and I had less of me feeling of being dobed over the head with them.

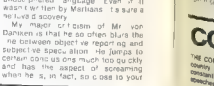
Putnam has just brought out the latest book **GOLD OF THE GODS** in hardbound edition. By far the best written of the lot. It also contains the most staggering revelations . . . the discovery of the tunnels in South American jungles, some of them as long as 65 miles which are dated between 3000 and 6000 B.C. and yet have the appearance of having been dug with diamond-tipped machinery. The tunnels in Argentina lead to a huge cavern that contains what appears to be a metal library of over 2000 pages in an unknown and as yet undeciphered language. Even if it wasn't written by Martians it's sure a helluva discovery.

My major criticism of Mr. von Daniken is that he so often blurs the line between objective reporting and subjective speculation. He jumps to certain conclusions much too quickly and has the aspect of overlooking what he is, in fact, so close to your



ear that a whisper would suffice if he presented his evidence then examined his hypothesis as POSSIBILITY instead of FACT. His scientific method and experiments (THEN statement of fact) the books would probably not be near my consistence so badly when I start to boil over what I'm reading.

I've often felt that one of man's greatest mistakes was learning to walk around mud puddles instead of through them. After all you never know what you might find in a mud puddle. Erich von Daniken has my thanks and admiration for playing in some spectacular old Swiss mud puddles.



COMICS

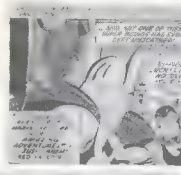
A long time ago, Ace comic book writer Gardner Fox decided it would be a good thing to gather various and sundry superheroes together under the same roof and so the Justice Society of America was born. Ace comic book fan Tom Fagan went one step further. He created an event which once a year unites superheroes, supervillains, monsters and spacemen and takes them out of the pages of comic books and into the streets of Rutland, Vermont. The annual Batman Halloween Parade is certainly a sight to behold.

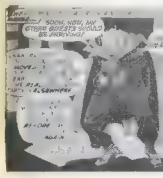
This year's parade was from across the country streamed to Rutland to participate in the largest comic book parade in the city's history. A regular contingent from New York City joined forces with native Vermonters to celebrate the event, together with a Boston Brigade, a Montreal Mission and smaller armies of personnel from Maine, Delaware, and Buffalo. New York Tom Fagan gent e w se man know edgeable in comic book lore started the parade fourteen years ago in honor of his favorite superhero Batman. He is reputed to be the greatest Batman fan in the world (his secret identity is prominent director Charles E. Tuttle Book Publisher). And he can be found on Al Hallow's Eve roaming the streets of Rutland in gray underwear with black cowl and cape, and a bat symbo on his chest.

This year the parade was shifted from Halloween on Wednesday to the Saturday before to accommodate the rising tide of out-of-staters who couldn't have made it otherwise. Tom spent the whole of Saturday scrambling around Rotary Field, a public park in Rutland where the floats were constructed. He had spent months coordinating parade energy, making sure there was at least one Darkseid for the Forever People and no more Thors than were absolutely necessary. Now he was busy assigning sorcerors to the Barbarian float guiding a giant cardboard Batman to its resting place above the fire department doorway, and finding an artist to complete the red background of a Hulk painting.

As evening's darkness settled in superheroes and marching bands and clowns and polar bears assembled at the Depot Parking Lot in downtown Rutland. Massive confusion followed, reminiscent of the Fantastic Four's weekly party. Wise superheroes wore long underwear under their fancy skintights, while thinly clad villains cursed the cool October air.

The parade began with the traditional Batman float featuring the Caped Crusader, Batwoman, and a host of friends and enemies from the epic issues of Detective Comics. A mirror Batman & company float followed, and then Alice wandered through a Wonderland of smoking caterpillars and grinning cats. Thor waved his Uncle Hammer, Loki stowed Odin reigned majestic over Asgard. Conan the Barbarian stayed off a red gor a with the aid of trained l and s beaut ful companion Shebata O'Neil wh e the evil enchanter Thulsa Doom cast black son s upon them all. Thousands of spectators lined up to see their heroes march on by: the Avengers, the Defenders, Green Lantern and the Black Canary, Big Barda and the Forever People. The Ghost Rider grinned demoniacly from his chrome-plated chopper. Raggedy Ann waved her stuffed hands. Snoopy snoozed on his sportiod. Floats and paraders wound their way through downtown Rutland before returning to the parking

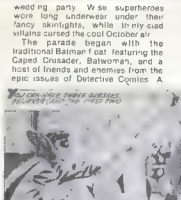


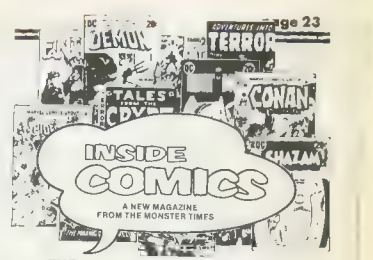


Hopping off their floats superheroes marched over to Rotary Field to celebrate the annual parade party. The party was delayed when Tom Fagan, holder of the Fieldhouse key, could not find his personal Batman suit each year hidden in some secret place. This year it was especially secret. No superhe ngs present had the power to (1) enter the locked building, and (2) stay warm outside. Tom finally showed up as a priest.

Once inside, the party quickly warmed up. Sp derman crimbed the wall. Brgmn ca sheaved on her cigar. Clark Kent protected his secret identity. Prince Valiant behaved valiantly. Cthulu e der god of the ancients (and H P. Lovecraft) was summoned and dismissed. Odin danced with Sheena of the Jungle. For one evening heroes made peace with their arch-enemies. They would have to wait another year for that to happen again, for another Halloween parade, when comic books come to life in Rutland.

—Bill Lippincott





THE FIRST ISSUE OF INSIDE COMIX MAY WELL BE THE BEST SINGLE ISSUE OF ANY COMIC ART FAN MAGAZINE YOU'VE EVER READ!

BUT YOU CAN ONLY GET IT FROM US BY MAIL!

When was the last time you spent 20¢ on a comic book and felt you got your money's worth?

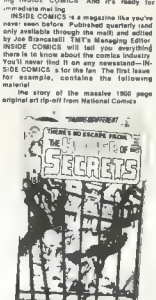
When was the last time you bought a fanzine for a couple of dollars, then found you got ripped-off?

How many times have you bought a comic book look ng for work by your favorite artist or writer, only to find they took him off the book before it's long enjoyed?

These are problems facing all comic fans. And while THE MONSTER TIMES does all it can to help, it can only devote a few pages each month to comics. That's why, to answer the demand for a good, professionally-produced magazine about the comic industry, THE MONSTER TIMES is publishing INSIDE COMICS. And it's ready for immediate mailing.

INSIDE COMICS is a magazine like you've never seen before. Published quarterly (and only available through the mail) and edited by Jon Bonazelli, TMT's Managing Editor, INSIDE COMICS will tell you everything there is to know about the comics industry. You'll never find it on any newsstand—INSIDE COMICS is for the fan. The first issues for example, contains the following material:

—The story of the massive 1950 page original art rip-off from National Comics



—a long interview with Robert Crumb underground king-turned-farmer

—the story on why Charlton Comics closed down for two complete months

—everything you always wanted to know about ACBA, the professional organization of comic artists and writers

—how the Warren Publishing Company is trying to buy the underground comix industry

There's plenty more information jammed into INSIDE COMICS but we simply don't have the room to tell you it all now (see TMT's Teletype column for more info). You'll just have to see the first issue to believe it. It only costs $1 and is available only from THE MONSTER TIMES. If you'd like to subscribe, send $4 for four issues. As an added bonus to subscribers, to show you we're not in help, we'll give you a free 20 word classified advertisement.

INSIDE COMICS is a magazine like you've never before seen in your life. If you are at all interested in the comic book medium—or the comic strips, underground comix, or monster comics or anything related to comix, you simply cannot afford to be without INSIDE COMICS.

As a special bonus each issue of INSIDE COMICS will contain complete, comprehensive reviews of every fan magazine published. There's a lot of good fanzines—and a lot of bad ones. We think you should know which ones are which—before you buy them.

INSIDE COMICS, like THE MONSTER TIMES before it, will be an honest, no-holds-barred look at everything you've ever read. When THE MONSTER TIMES talks, people listen.

And THE MONSTER TIMES says you can't afford NOT to get INSIDE COMICS.

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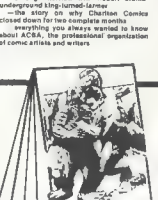
Signed. . . . . .

CON-CALENDAR

THE CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of TMT. Across the country comic nuts, sf fans, monster freaks and the like are constantly gathering to buy, sell, trade, collect and listen to speeches. As with most gatherings of fans, the conventions often border on the insane, but the people are friendly and there's always a good chance you'll pick up some rare item for your collection. And they're great places to meet people—famous, infamous and plain unknown.

If you've never been to a "con," we highly recommend you try one. They vary in size, emphasis, and quality, of course, but they're all fun to attend. We at TMT will do our part by keeping you informed of all upcoming cons.

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
Feb. 10 March 10 April 14 May 5	COMIC BOOK MARKET Phil Seuling 821 Avenue Z Brooklyn, New York	THE HOTEL McALPIN New York City	$1 at the door	COMIC BOOK DEALERS DISPLAY No special guests
3rd Sunday every month	NOSTALGIA 4 Church Street Waltham, Mass 02154	Howard Johnson Motor Lodge	75¢	comic books, pulps, toys, movies auctions
March 8 to March 10	COLLECTIBLES SHOW 545 West End Avenue New York, New York	HOLIDAY INN OF N Y and THE COLISEUM New York City	$2.00 per person	dealers only comics and other antique collectibles
May 24 to May 27	CON WITH NO NAME P.O. Box 581 New York, New York	AMERICANA HOTEL New York City	Inquire for rates.	SURPRISES GALORE!!!
February 15 to 18, 1974	INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION P.O. Box 3127 New York, N.Y. 10008	AMERICANA HOTEL 53rd Street and 7th Ave New York City	$4 for all 4 days in advance. $3 for non-attending membership	Enterprise Crew as guests. Large dealers room Costume Parade
1st Sunday every month	HOLLYWOOD COMIC CON 826 N. Citrus Ave. Hollywood, Calif. 90036	HOLLYWOOD WOMAN'S CLUB Hollywood, Calif.	$1, 50¢ under 12	feature films, cartoons & lots of tradings and guests



1974 MONSTER TIMES CALENDAR

Imagine a monster for every day of the year. Well, thanks to THE MONSTER TIMES you can have it. Now available is the fabulous, stupendous—not to mention timely—1974 MONSTER TIMES CALENDAR.

Each month (you remember them—January through December) of 1974 is on its own 11" by 17" page, each decorated with a monster scene from the venerated pages of THE MONSTER TIMES. Monsters for January and February and every month you can think of. It's a treasure chest of monsters—not to mention days and weeks.

Get your Monster Calendar now. Be the envy of all the calendar buffs everywhere. Just fill out the coupon and send $2.50 ($2.00 for the calendar and 50¢ for postage and handling) and your Monster Calendar will be on the way.

Just in time for 1974—we might add.

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MONSTER TIMES BACK ISSUES!

Okay, gang, here's your once-in-a-lifetime [well, not exactly, but . . .] chance to pick up some rare and valuable back issues of THE MONSTER TIMES, the first newspaper of horror, science fiction and fantasy. WE've got issues on everything—just look at our gallery of gory delights—enough to scare even the most fearless reader. And don't forget, each issue contains a giant color centerfold, suitable for framing or hanging on your dorm wall to cover up the holes or even for wrapping fish.

TMT 1: COLLECTOR'S CLASSICS $2
Our debut premier issue containing part one of The Man Who Saved Kong, NOSFERATU DER GOLEM and BUCK ROGERS. Also included is a Basil Wrightson Frankenstein poster, poster and Wrightson's NOSFERATU comic strip

TMT 2: SPECIAL STAR TREK EDITION $2
Our first issue of STAR TREK edition. Contains Mike Tom Sapp interview and William Steiner profile of Leonard Nimoy and story on Gene Roddenberry. Also Dan Mcmoy's Star Trek poster and Wrightson's STAR TREK comics and Spock

TMT 3: GIANT RUGS ON THE MUNCH $1
Features a fuzzy, cuddly, HEH! Rugs, he's back, says Dr. Marty Weinberger, who has been bitten by all of them. Also Buckler comic strip and a review of Sure Lee at Carnegie Hall. Also a giant NOVO color poster and part two of The Man Who Saved King

TMT 4: BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN $1
Features a the classic BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN review of THE PLUTO article on GREEN Lantern Green Arrow a Basil Wrightson comic strip, a rock 'n' roll story, a man meets Edgar A. Poe Dracula Goes To Calcutta and the sore films of 1971

TMT 5: CREATURE' FEATURES' $1
Features a Frankenstein and giant color poster of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON interview with TARZAN comic's Joe Kubert, Humphrey Bogart in early monster movie, more Jeff Corey pictures and an article on THE SQUARE S, two comic strips and Neal Adams' Mushroom Monster

TMT 6: ZOMBIES ON PARADE $1
Features a zombie theme issue. Contains a the Gene Colan THE ASTRO ZOMBIES, THE OMEGA MAN, a Dan Green comic strip, review of Sam Waterston's BADT ME STORY, his NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and a zombie cover centerfold. This is never want to see zombies

No. 7: GODZILLA. The king of the monsters gets his own issue. Contains a giant feature and colorful centerfold. The King Kong Commercial, the King Kawasaki Story, Ray Harryhausen, Basil Wrightson, Mushroom Monsters, the Psychic Eye, comics by Gray Morrow and more!

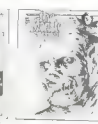
TMT 8: HAMMER HORRORS
Features and color center fold on Hammer's HORROR OF DRACULA. A Hammer Horrorstory. The Hammer Heritage, the complete horror check-list, terror days in London, Hammer's beautiful ladies, reviews of HORRORS and DRACULA A. Ad Hammer, All Horror

TMT 1: PLANET OF THE APES $1
Features and center fold on PLANET OF THE APES the film, apes movie. Also includes Charlton in the NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS, PARTY THE CAT, an article on the Ape in the Christian Gallery's comic exhibit, and a Kane Space Movies

TMT 12: GORGEOUS GORGO $1
Features a giant color poster on GORGO review of 5 Kaiju's HISTORY OF COMICS movie, B-sci movies more. Starring Before the Scenes a the PLANET OF THE APES movie, review of WILLARD THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME and a special re

TMT 13: SPECTACULAR SPIDER MAN $2
Features a Frankenstein and Spider-Man theme issue. Marvel's Frankenstein, THE FINEST, his comic con phenomenon, Spider-Man Special, Blood Brothers, Super Heroes, the comic con phenomenon, Spider-Man Special, QUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES and an interview with Peter Gushing

TMT 14: WICKED WOLF MAN $1
Features a fanbook and giant color poster of THE WOLF MAN. Also includes the PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, TOM GODDELL on Science Fiction Painting, review a SCIENCE FICTION FILM ICON QUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES and an interview with Peter Cushing



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Features and centerfold on THE VALLEY OF GWANGI an interview with Ahrey

TMT 16: GODZILLA FOR PRESIDENT $1
Our fantastic issue featuring GODZILLA FOR PRESIDENT, centerfold of Godzilla, review of PLANET OF THE APES, Godzilla includes are articles on Godzilla, Godzilla's Godzilla and the Godzilla

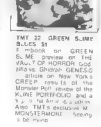
TMT 17: SUPER SCIENCE FICTION $1
Features and color center fold on FRANKENSTEIN review of FLASH GORDON HERITAGE THE

TMT 18: PIEDRAS RLANCAS MONSTER $1
Features and color center fold on the 2 basic ITS OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS MONSTER, a Basil Wrightson comic strip, review of DRACULA A.D. 1972, When Monsters Rule the Movies, Perry Rhodan of Germany, Pro, Arnold Morrow, Pot and Kettle

TMT 19: TERRYING TARANTULA $1
Fanbook and color center fold on TARANTULA an article on Dr. Death and Dr. Shock, he return of E.C. comics, Monsters in the Comics, Jaws of Horror, we review of some recent horror films, amazing, and some very repulsive comics

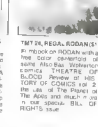
TMT 20: STILL MORE SF AND STAR TREK $1
Features a Frankenstein and a 2 page STAR TREK pull-out, which includes our way Leonard Nimoy as Trekus, poster STAR TREK Imaginary Star TREK Yellow Pages review of the STAR TREK books and Mr. Spock model. Also PLI MANCHI

TMT 21: THE TOTAL FRANKENSTEIN $1
Features a Frankenstein and a giant color poster of Frankenstein, a comic strip on Frankenstein, a photographic review of Son of Frankenstein, The Curse of Frankenstein, a review of Frankenstein on screen with Glen Frankenstein, Frankenstein in the Comics and a comic strip on Frankenstein's Monster, Seeing is Believing, Frankenstein of the Movies



TMT 22: GREEN SLIME BLUES $1
Fanbook on GREEN SLIME, preview on THE VALLEY OF HORROR, Godzilla, Ghidrah GENESIS article on New York's Bizarre Museum, Godzilla on screen with Glen Frankenstein, Frankenstein in the Comics, and a comic strip on Dracula. Also THE Enclosed M. MONSTERMORE. Seeing is Believing

TMT 23: GADZOOKS GODZILLA $1
A comic-mag magazine issue on TMT devoted to Godzilla and other denizens including a GODZILLA fanbook, four color GODZILLA comics, he lineage of GODZILLA, Tom Sutton's super comic strip, rare and popular special BILL OF RIGHTS issue



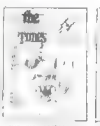
TMT 24: REGAL RODAN $1
Fanbook on RODAN, Toho's new Godzilla centerfold of Baby Rita Boy Wilkinson, comics THEATRE OF BLOOD, Preview of HISTORY OF COMICS vol. 2 the Lab, at The Planet of The Apes and much more, a regular special BILL OF RIGHTS issue

TMT 25: THE FANTASTIC FLY $1.00. Leading off with a double feature on THE FLY and THE RETURN OF THE FLY, plus a preview of Ape, Ape, CAPT. MARVEL's creator C.C. Beck and BROOM-HILDA's Russell Myers. Also articles on the monsters and WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS, a fantasy-oriented bag issue

TMT #26: DESTROY ALL MONSTERS! $1
Our fabulous DESTROY ALL MONSTERS issue featuring a fanbook and centerfold. Also included are exclusive articles on STAR TREK, a cartoon series on Superman's Metropolis Museum, Wax Museum, Hope York Common, hot skills, horror in the media and Rondo Hatton

THE MONSTER TIMES #27 VAMPIRES PARADE $1
Our special is a vampire issue featuring a vampire-oriented cover, the Vampire article on the Dracula and Fall of Bela Lugosi, a Neal Adams portfolio on artist review of DREAM OF DRACULA and the long-awaited Jess Franco COUNT DRACULA. Also Esteban Maroto article

TMT #28: HUNCHBACK SPECIAL $1
A special on Charley Hunchback issue with a fantastical purpose of the Hunchback on screen and featured pros on Charley's make-up techniques. Also PLASTIC SURGERY and Basil Wrightson's BLACK SCORPION, new Frankenstein miniseries and the WAX MUSEUM



TMT #29: ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN $1 Fanbook on the ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN, a review of THE FRANKENSTEIN E.C. comic-book collector guide, Neal Adams Sasquatch articles, Gene Colan's Sasquatch, Bob Wrightson's GOLDEN VOYAGE, Also FROM HOLLYLAND and Death is a Way of Life

TMT #30: SHOCK & SCHLOCK SPECIAL $1 Fanbook on SHOCK & SCHLOCK, STAR PARTY BEACON 50 Movie Monsters, Wonderful World of Comics and a portrait of Frankenstein, Ray Dennis Steckler, Also, Richard Corben's Frankenstein, the 50's art explosion, E.C. comics, Frankenstein Wrightson's Frankenstein and a special COLOR Wrightson

TMT TV SCI-FI SPECIAL SALUTE $1.00
Our special TV issue featuring a fanbook on TV SF, STAR TREK Posters, the 1972 STAR TREK Convention, LOST IN SPACE, the UFO, STAR TREK Comics, TV SF GIANTS and top articles on the STAR TREK cast, characters

TMT COLLECTORS' ISSUE OF THE PEOPLE OF STAR TREK. $1 Includes 5 stories on the STAR TREK stars and the memorable characters they portrayed. We Nimoy, Leonard Nimoy, Deforest Kelley, Nichelle Nichols, Doohan and Takei, Plus a STAR TREK photo section of STAR TREK Posters, the 1972 STAR TREK Convention, LOST IN SPACE, the UFO, STAR TREK Comics, TV SF GIANTS and top articles on the STAR TREK cast, characters

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MARTIANS IN THE MOVIES!

BY JIM WNOROSKI

While we've allotted more precious space to the epic WAR OF THE WORLDS and the paranoid INVADERS FROM MARS, those are only two of well over 30 Martian movies, serials and shorts—both sound and silent—produced over the last half-century. There have been Martian musicals, Martian comedies, Martian allegories... Martians from France, Italy, Canada and Russia...massive Martians, mini-Martians, friendly Martians, and mad Martians...Martians, in fact, of every stripe. And here to report on the myriad Martians of the movies is Martian maven Jim Wnoroski.

The terrifying Martian invaders included scenes from FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS, ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN and INVADERS FROM MARS. THE SPACE MONSTER from the Flash Gordon serial MARS MUST BE DESTROYED! Bonus to the planet Mongo in the Universal serial FLASH GORDON, time machine wars looms on Venus in the Republic serial RADAR MEN FROM THE MOON, and FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER. Martians invade Puerto Rico but threaten no one in TRANSATLANTIC MONSTER. Next page we show the new Mongo as seen by some big-eared kids.

The red planet Mars has always been held as an object of awe and fascination by us Earthlings. The question of whether or not life exists there has long been answered by most people and no scientist can state definitively that creatures don't actually look across the horizon toward Martian landscape. But we're here to regard the question of Hollywood has put to rest that hype as we bring you a look at many of the Martian movies. Here, then, is some of the cinema's most famous, infamous and always noteworthy contributions to the Martian legend.

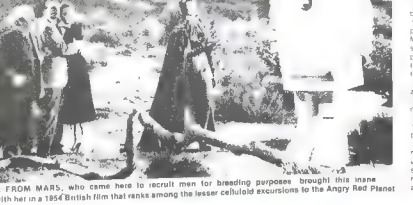
MARTIAN MUSICAL

A trivia question What was the first science fiction musical? Some might say **THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH** (see TMT 30) but they, of course, would be wrong. For the real answer it is necessary to search through the listings of post film pages to under J for **JUST IMAGINE**. Released by Fox Movietone in 1930, it demonstrated to the people of the time what the year 1980 would have in store for them. The cast and crew, with the exception of Maureen O'Sullivan's Tarzan fame was made up of people since lost to obscurity.

The plot and the musical numbers are ludicrous, but the team John Garrick, and his partner, Frank Albertson do make it to Mars in the film. But it is Mars, Mongo style. Even though **JUST IMAGINE** proceed them by six years, the sets had many characteristics in common with those of the Flash Gordon serials at Universal.

Aside from a few fantastic scenes and sets viewed but briefly on the screen the bulk of **JUST IMAGINE** was pretty mundane. What all the fabulous Martian gadgetry, the sets were still using the same twos and singing the same songs as you'd expect to find on Earth circa 1930. The lack of believability and an extremely weak story line were probably the biggest factors contributing to **JUST IMAGINE**'s lack of public acceptance then and now.

FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS Serials are great fun, there's no denying it. For pure all around campy pleasure no other films serve as well as a Universal Republic or Columbia serial and no doubt some of the best were Buster Crabbe's Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers portrayals in the late thirties. But since this is a survey of Martian films it must be said here that although the serial is enjoyable **FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS** bears no relation whatsoever to the red planet outside of its intriguing title.



The DEVIL GIRL FROM MARS, who came here to recruit men for breeding purposes brought this inane automated escort with her in a 1954 British film that ranks among the lesser celluloid excursions to the Angry Red Planet

For all intents and purposes Mars is Mongo West, with all the same adventures gimmicks and gals that made the others in the series so successful. A gleeful outing to be sure but Mars it is not.

ROCKETSHIP X-M was one of those three-week Hollywood quickies rushed into production by Grade B director Kurt Neumann to beat George Pal's color epic, **DESTINATION MOON** to the screen by several months. The cheap black and white affair seems as if they wrote the script on a day to day basis with the crew of space travelers improvising their way from Earth to Moon and finally to Mars.

X-M star Hugh O'Brian definitely must have gotten some of his early Wyatt Earp training on the Arizona deserts they tried to pass off as the baked surface of Mars although this is what Hugh Bridges must have felt like a fish out of water plodding across the cactus spotted Martian landscape with not a drop of water in sight.

To add insult to injury this lackadaisical film tried to redeem itself momentarily with some poorly produced matte shots of ancient Martian ruins and even brought in some extras for an hour or so to portray some not curious-looking Martians—although questions as where they came from, how they survived all that time with no food, and who zig-zag stitched their loin cloths are never really fully explained in complete detail.

In case you're wondering about the outcome of our weary journeymen they died...but not before the film itself succumbed to a multitude of ridiculous situations and cliches. Luckily, the only time this trick gets shown anymore is during baseball rainouts. So all we can do is hope for another long hot and dry summer.

RED PLANET PAL

Probably producer George Pal's most notable science-fiction undertaking **WAR OF THE WORLDS** was one of the full-on most lavish and spectacular adventure outings and stands today along with such winners as **KING KONG FORBIDDEN PLANET**, and **2001** as a milestone in special effects extravaganzas.

H.G. Wells original story and locations were drastically revised for the cinema but all the action and mystery of the original novel were retained in a combination of old and new that provided for a slick story-telling achievement from the word GO.

Byron Haskin who directed many other Pal films as well as alternating on **THE OUTER LIMITS** kept the pace of **WAR OF THE WORLDS** moving along from the dramatically intriguing opening narrated by Paul Frees until the final Martian warship crashes. Story notwithstanding however the movie would have been a hit just on its special effects alone showing sights which overpowered audiences everywhere with views of destructo rays force shields bug eyed monsters, and the entire gamut of science-fiction gadgetry carried to the highest melodramatic extreme.

A winner in almost every fan's eyes **WAR OF THE WORLDS** will surely be paying to enthusiastic viewers even after the red planet is eventually conquered and colonized.

RED PLANET MARS Peter Graves not satisfied with a starring role in one of the fifties worst sci-fi films **KILLERS FROM SPACE** went on ahead to film the most unbearable **RED PLANET MARS** for United Artists in 1952.

No doubt shot over a spare weekend this film had the distinction of being one of the slowest most boring fantasy melodramas ever put on celluloid. Special care by dealing with a scientist who has made contact with Mars through a special radio the movie revolves around the discov

A British army officer is pretty burned up when [illegible] ago in Hammer Films FIVE MILLION YEARS [illegible] learns that Earth was visited by Martians over 5 million years TO EARTH, one of the very best of the Martian movie outings

political hysteria and red tape of the McCarthy period rendered the messages almost meaningless in a world torn apart by fear, distrust and hate.

This all aged y accurate account of the McCarthyism that ran rampant in the Eisenhower era was nothing more than a low budget soap opera without the commercials. The feature even boasted an Eisenhower look-a-like who had the same acting style of the original — none work rebirah

So all in all, Graves had a pretty hard time for himself in ping around through cardboard sets and incredulous dialogue. One of the last bullets received in the film is "Beware. Unfortunately for most audiences the message came way too late.

MARTIAN MEDIOCRITIES

THE ANGRY RED PLANET. This film was undoubtedly Ib rahim's best film, but since he never did anything really memorable on screen all you're left with is another mundane sci fi effort from American International.

Supposedly filmed in color the grey hued scenes were the shots on Earth and inside the Aurora mobile spaceship. Where most of the film takes place, on the surface of Mars the sequences were just shot in black and white to save money with a blurry orange tint being added after on the developing lab. But even that would have been acceptable if the acting and effects had been up to par, but as you might expect the audiences might just as well have stayed home and waited for the premiere of **LOST IN SPACE**.

The only thing that made it all bearable was watching the screen carefully for the numerous appearances of sound cables and prop men behind the paper mache monsters ... otherwise a complete waste of time.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO GO TO MARS was a big disappointment not only for science-fict on aficionados but for the diehard fans of the comedy duo as well.

Universal Pictures, who had Messrs. Bud and Lou under contract since 1940, had the notion that A&C were no longer appealing to the adult audiences and so had writers and directors put an almost hep ass Abbott & Costello in childish inane

and distinctly unfunny comedies during the latter—which no doubt greatly contributed to the team's final demise.

Thus Im was one of the f last, and puts do of the title, has very little to do with the red planet. In fact when he team accidently basis off in an experimental spaceship and land in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras, the funny costumes and make-up make them think they have reached he planet Mars when in reality they never left Earth.

Bud and Lou do manage to make it to Venus, however when they take off again with two escaped convicts aboard. Once on the fog shrouded planet which just as well could have been Mars they are greeted by Bevies of beautiful Amazon women. And through it all everything remains stilled stilled and stale. Gone even are any of the famous A&C routines like "Who's On First" which were

mb as shapeless as it was tasteless.

MARTIAN MASTERPIECE

FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH (1968) produced by Hammer Studios after the acclaimed teleplay by Nigel Kneale was perhaps the most stimulating adventure into Martian history ever attempted in the entire science-fiction genre.

Although made many years apart from its two earlier counterparts **THE CREEPING UNKNOWN** and **ENEMY FROM SPACE FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH** was the third and last time made in the famous **"Quatermass"** series—a trio of superb English productions that first saw light of day as television specials in the land of the B B C.

Professor Quatermass, whose role was first essayed by the late Brian Donlevy in the two earlier films is played here by tenacious Andrew

usually film but Fox's THE DAY MARS INVADED EARTH turned out to be a cheap sci-fi quickie that borrowed heavily from earlier and better films

clearly their stock and trade during the forties when they were extremely popular with every age group.

What remains here is only a shadow a remnant of the greatness they left behind. And even though the teens of the time probably couldn't have cared less what they saw on Saturday afternoons Abbott & Costello eventually tired abbott somewhat in an, to make the people laugh whether on Mars or wherever and for that they receive my highest regard.

THE DAY MARS INVADED EARTH

Recipe: Take the invasion ingredients from **INVADERS FROM MARS** and **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**, then mix in the bloody looks of films as **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE** and **ZONTAR, THE THING FROM VENUS**, and an extra pinch of nervousness and another dash of inept ludes that take Kent Taylor and shake well. Put into metal pot until half baked, remove at once, call it **THE DAY MARS INVADED EARTH**— [illegible] and hope for a suspecting public at cheap theatres and drive-ins.

Thus is what 20th Century Fox did back in 1963. But it just went to prove that too many kooks spoil the stew—a stew which most critics and

Kier, who's out to find the meaning behind a mysterious and ancient spaceship unearthed during a subway excavation.

As it turns out the vesser was originally from Mars, sent out millions of years ago with seeds destined for planting on Earth—seeds that eventually grew into us. Beneath its upper crust of adventure, it is perhaps the most subtly blasphemous motion picture ever produced. It refutes the Bible, God, and many other basic religious concepts yet when shown on TV recently the only scene cut was a close up shot of a man's burnt face. Obviously the CBS censors rely on their eyes rather than intellect in editing a film for public consumption, which has sort of been the suspicion all along.

FROM MARS TO OBSCURITY

In addition to the above-mentioned films there are also a select few others in the Martian category that bear listing. For example: the years 1913 and 1923 both were release dates for two different features entitled **A MESSAGE FROM MARS**, both based on the same play by one Richard Gantlhony, in which a messenger from Mars points out the suffering of the poor. More of a moral-political allegory than a sci-fi film, according to the little info available

Nerve guts and good old American know-how helped stranded [illegible] but Paul Mantee survive in ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS, a better-than-average Red Planet adventure released in 1964 and one that also featured a brief appearance by Adam (Batman) West

RED PLANET MARS was one of several films rife with '50s paranoia but had the distinction of featuring some of the most confused and outlandish plot machinations ever to put an audience to sleep. A religious revival in Russia and a mad renegade Nazi scientist who decides to pay God were two of the film's odder elements.

...atured large-domed bug-eyed Mar... ...re represented by Earth v... ...een

IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE (1958, Edward L. Cahn) Space... ...new voyaging ear...wards finds ...vicarious Martian stowaway on...

MISSION MARS (1968, Nicholas Webster, Darren McGavin and Nick...

PAJAMA PARTY (... Originally titled THE MAID AND THE MARTIAN, this mindless AIP Youth... ...picture featured Tommy Kirk as a... ...Annette Funicello.

PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES (1945, Spencer G. Bennett) A Republic serial about an attempted...

D DAY ON MARS

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS

THREE STOOGES IN ORBIT (1962, Edward Bernds) The usual disaster... ...Details on page 19 of this issue.

FLYING DISC MAN FROM MARS (1951, Fred C. Brannon) The Supreme Dictator of Mars' seeks unsuccessfully to annex Earth in this Republic serial. A re-edited version was released as a feature in 1958 and retitled MISSILE MONSTERS.

...sands in Quebec.

CONQUEST OF SPACE (1955) Byron Haskin, Eric Fleming heads space station crew on Mars first trek to Mars. Good production values... ...lessness, but the... ...less film interest ing.

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER (a.k.a. MARS ATTACKS PUERTO RICO) (1965)

HEAVEN SHIP (1917) Hugo Mozart's early German silent film about a rocket trip to Mars.

INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN (1957, Edward L. Cahn) Small-...

From Mongo to Mars, Flash Gordon, Buster Crabbe battled interplanetary evil in some of the thirties best-loved serials. So what if Mars and Mongo looked exactly alike?

...a pair of appropriately lucky Martians and would-be world conquerors in the 1945 Republic serial THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES.

MORE MISCELLANEOUS MARTIANS

ACELITA (1929) Yakov Protazanov's Russian silent film based on Alexei Tolstoy's play about a robot revolution on Mars.

CHRISTMAS MARTIAN (1971) Bernard Gosselin. A French Canadian...

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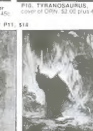

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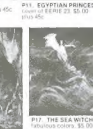

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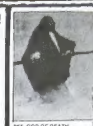

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Continued from page 7

The Classics Illustrated artist exhibited a real flair for drawing scenes of carnage and destruction. Here the Martian war machine blasts a frightened pack of helpless humans on its seemingly unstoppable way to conquering our world.

with its crew. The Martians then turned their fire on a line of bazookas, and the result was the same. For every attack repelled by the invaders, a worse one was launched against the earthlings. The humans could never hope to stand up to such punishment. Resistance, it seemed, was futile.

General Mann tried to make himself heard above the commotion. "That skeleton beam may be what they used to wipe out the French city ... a ray of undetermined nature."

"It neutralizes mesons, somehow," Forrester yelled back. "They're the atomic glue holding matter together. Cut across their lines of magnetic force and any object will simply cease to exist. General, I'm telling you, this kind of defense is useless against them."

Colonel Heffner ordered all command posts to pull back. "They're going to roll right through here," he yelled. "Sheriff, get into Linda Rosa and tell Civil Defense to evacuate everybody." As Heffner was in the midst of giving another order, he stopped suddenly and just stood there for a moment, looking more surprised than anything else, and then he began to glow. His body turned greenish-white and then simply evaporated. Colonel Heffner had gotten caught in the path of a Martian ray.

Forrester grabbed Sylvia's hand and raced toward a Piper Cub observation plane sitting near the encampment.

MARTIANS MOVE TO MASH EARTH

Aloft, Forrester looked out the window of his plane and saw a group of jet fighters overhead, peeling off to dive. he banked his plane sharply and flew over a low hill. Directly in their path was another of the invading ships. Desperately, he banked again and crashlanded in the field below. The doors of the plane opened and two lone human beings raced away from the stricken airplane, jumping into an irrigation ditch as a second Martian ship circled the foot of the hill. Shortly, there came the sound of a violent explosion. They didn't have to look to know what had happened.

The rigors of fright and exhaustion had finally taken their toll on Sylvia. She was fast asleep by nightfall with her head cradled gently in Forrester's arms. He touched her shoulder and wakened her.

"You alright?" he asked softly.

"Where are we?"

"Southwest of Corona, somewhere. There must have been another cylinder down here. They've been through this whole area and cleared everybody out. There's a farmhouse. Let's see if we can find something to eat."

Clayton helped Sylvia up and they crept across the field to the abandoned home. The refrigerator was well stocked; it had been a long time since either one of them had even thought about food. They sat in the kitchen and tried to reassure themselves by talking of other things. It must have been around midnight when the avalanche struck.

At least it sounded like an avalanche. The crash was overpowering. Clayton pulled Sylvia away from the table as part of the ceiling caved in. After a moment or two, he realized what had happened. A multiple meteor had fallen and skidded into the farmhouse. Two other cylinders had fallen nearby. But a plank descended on his head and in another moment he was unconscious. When he awoke, he found Sylvia mopping his brow.

"How long was I out?" he asked.

"Hours. I've been so scared. They're right outside!"

Forrester walked to the window. "There's a machine standing right over us," he told her, and they started toward the living room.

Outside the Martians appeared to be conducting a search. Sylvia looked around the darkened room. Her gaze caught something moving in the shed and she gasped.

"Something moved outside," she whispered. "It was one of them."

"What was it like?"

Forrester began pulling planks away from the shattered wall. "We're right in a nest of 'em," he said. "I've got to get a look at them."

SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE

They heard a sound on the other side of the hall. Through the debris there appeared a long, silver-throated tentacle, not unlike the neck of the war-machines, slinking along the floor. Attached to the throat and leading it forward was a three-colored sensing device in the form of a photographic lens. Forrester and Sylvia huddled together in the darkness, watching the movements of the visitor with fear and fascination. Picking up a pebble from the floor, he hurled it against the far living room wall. The lens reacted instantly, rearing and straining its long neck in order to place the origin of the activity.

Three metallic blinds closed over the eyes of the lens, and the coil withdrew slowly from the room. Maybe they were satisfied that the house was empty, he thought. He edged forward and moved into the corridor. Sylvia thought that she heard a noise and turned her head toward the ceiling. Only there was no ceiling any longer, and Sylvia saw a bright, grinning ghoul staring down at her.

"LOOK OUT!" she screamed. It was one of the Martian detection devices! Forrester grabbed an axe and swung wildly at its throat until it came crashing down on them. When the lens had been severed from the neck, the mother ship quickly retracted the coil and pulled it into the trunk. The scientist wrapped the lens in Sylvia's scarf and returned to his diggings at the wall. They would have to make their escape quickly now. Their presence in the house had been exposed and there was no telling how quickly the Martians would act.

Sylvia helped him discard the planks he had ripped out. Standing there, she began to have the unreal feeling that they were not alone. A huge, malformed spider reached out at her from somewhere in the darkness and came to rest upon her shoulder. She tried to scream but the sound froze in her throat. Clayton pulled her from its grasp. It must have been a spider. It was too ghastly to be ... A HAND! It was a hand, long and crooked with fingers that pulsated like tiny, expanding bubbles and three elastic suckers on the tips of the fingers.

Clayton shone his flashlight on the visitor. He was amazed by what he saw. A being so alien as to defy sane description. The thing was short. Its head was completely devoid of hair and covered, like the rest of its body, with massive protruding veins that pulsated like an exposed wound. It had two arms and two legs, or what would pass for legs. its face was dominated by a single, multi-lensed eye that reacted severely to light. It threw its arms in front of its face to ward off the brightness which was obviously painful. This, at last, was a Martian.

They were trapped. The thing was blocking their path. They had nowhere to go unless ... Forrester picked up the axe from the floor and heaved it at the creature. It made a sickening cry of anguish and raced from the room with incredible speed. Forrester pushed Sylvia up through the cavity in the ceiling and followed her through. In another moment they were running wildly through the open field. Behind them the Martian war machines were closing in on the farmhouse, burning it with their heat rays. The building collapsed and the sounds of terrible explosions filled the air, but they never looked back.

Formerly flesh & blood soldiers appear as mere shadows of their former selves before disintegrating completely after being caught in the withering path of the lethal Martian rays.

EARTH RATTLES BACK!

The Secretary of Defense had met with General Mann and representatives from the other services in order to get a better idea of how best to combat the invader. They had held back on a decision to use nuclear weapons because of the danger of radiation to civilians, but now there was little choice left them.

They gathered for what they prayed would be a final confrontation between the Martians and mankind. Contingents from all the armed services were dispatched to view the attack. Also present were

The ubiquitous Martian ships strike cities all over the world. After Earth's atomic retaliation fails to halt the Martians horrible progress, scientists predict that it will take the invaders only six days to complete their diabolical work—the destruction of Earth!

scientists from Pacific Tech, a first-aid unit and a special observer from The Atomic Energy Commission. Clayton and Sylvia had found their way back to civilization, and now they too were waiting in the hills for what could soon prove to be mankind's salvation, or its doom.

Dr. Gratzman told the others that Bilderbeek had calculated how long it would take for the Martians to conquer the entire earch, if the A-bomb failed.

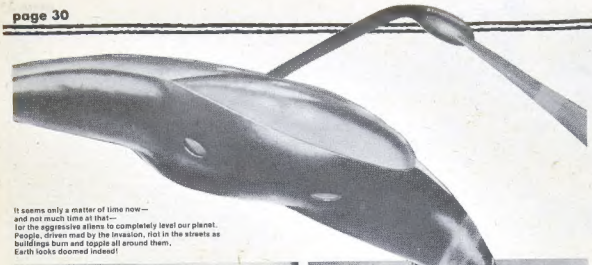
"If it should fail," Bilderbeek said, "the Martians can conquer the earth in six days."

Sylvia reflected upon her friend's prediction and then remarked, quietly, "The same number of days it took to create it."

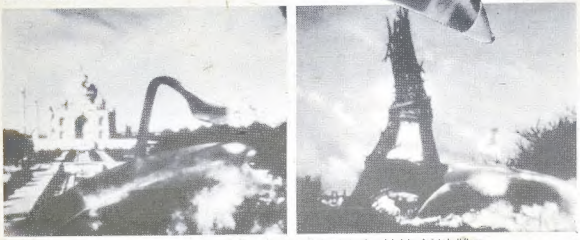
The scientists stared at each other and their eyes lowered. the loudspeaker announced that there was one minute to detonation, and everyone retired to the comparative safety of the shelter.

High in the clouds a single airplane circled the hills, while an amplified voice yelled: "Nine-Eight-Seven-Six-Five-Four-Three-Two-One-Zero." Then it came. The blast was blinding. The fires of hell could not have been more terrifying than the sight of that white furnace, blazing its image into the pale horizon!

From Zombos' Closet



It seems only a matter of time now—
and not much time at that—
for the aggressive aliens to completely level our planet.
People, driven mad by the invasion, riot in the streets as
buildings burn and topple all around them.
Earth looks doomed indeed!



Suddenly, several Martian warships begin to veer out of control and crash helplessly into buildings.

As the dust cleared an observer was gradually able to make out a figure in the distance. Grand and shining in the sunlight, its antenna waving from side to side, there was a Martian war machine floating triumphantly in the residue of a prayer that had turned to dust. The voice cried helplessly into the phone. "They haven't even been touched."

General Mann was badly shaken. "It didn't stop them," he yelled. "Guns ... tanks ... bombs ... they're like toys against them!"

"It will end only one way," Bilderbeck reflected. "We're beaten."

"No," said Mann, "not yet. We'll establish a line and fight them all the way back to the mountains. Our best hope lies in what you people can develop to help us." Turning to the other officers, he said, "Washington issued orders. In event the A-bomb failed, evacuate all cities in danger of attack." The General turned and looked toward his home in the city. "They'll be moving on Los Angeles now."

painfully anemic. If they only had time to work on that weakness through intensive laboratory study, they might discover a weapon with which to fight them.

"We know now that we can't beat their machines," Forrester said. "We've got to beat **them**."

The city of Los Angeles had been fully evacuated. Cars flooded the highways. Thousands of people lined the streets and set out on foot for neighboring communities in hopes of escaping the impending Martian holocaust.

Clayton sent Sylvia and the others on ahead while he loaded the final crates onto the back of a small truck. When he reached the downtown area he felt a chill go through him. The bus that had carried his friends had been overturned. A mob of angry looters was breaking windows and stopping stray traffic. Two men ran toward him and dragged him out of the truck, knocking him to the ground and throwing boxes filled with delicate equipment into the street.

"Stop, you fools," he cried. "We've got to have these instruments for..." It wasn't any good. They weren't interested in listening any longer. Madness had overtaken the world. They kicked him in the head and left him lying in the street.

Forrester got up and started walking. He was dazed, but there was one thing he knew, one thing that he felt more clearly than anything else ... He had to find Sylvia. With nightfall the Martians had taken over the city. He darted down alleys and side streets to avoid them but they seemed to be everywhere. The Martian heat rays seared through concrete walls and toppled towering structures throughout the city. Flames leaped into the air from every roof. Clayton was frantic. She could be anywhere.

A Deacon caught his arm as he ran past a church.

"I'm looking for someone," Clayton told him. "She'll be in a church, near the door."

He continued running down the street until he thought that his heart would give out. He'd been to more churches than he could remember when he discovered Bilderbeck, at last, lying across a pew in a small tabernacle. He was evidently hurt, and clutching a bandage against his side.

"Where are the others?" Forrester asked.

"A mob swarmed all over us," replied the injured man. "I don't know what happened to the rest."

There was nothing more that he could do for his friend. He ran out into the street again and continued his search for Sylvia. He found her moments later. At least they would be together when the end came. The sounds of explosions drew nearer to the church. A Martian ray shattered the large window on the side of the building, and a woman began to sob. There was silence all at once and the congregation stood up, moving toward the door and leaving their sanctuary to investigate. Outside, a Martian machine was rounding a corner. As it reached the rubble of a fallen building it appeared somehow awkward and out of control. The machine crashed numbly into a telephone pole and hovered, faintly, in the air. The power seemed to be shutting down. In a moment the supporting beams that had conquered earth's gravity died away and the machine came crashing down to the street. There was a stunned silence in the crowd.

Up the block a second machine was in trouble. It struggled to remain in the air but the battle was obviously lost before it had begun. The mechanism looked worn, and seemed to whimper as it fell, but once it had come down not a sound was heard from inside.

MARTIANS MEET THEIR DOOM

From somewhere under the first machine a door opened, haltingly, as though the last sparks of electricity were being used up by that movement. Something resembling the spider that had rested on Sylvia's shoulder in the farmhouse fell, limply, out of the hatch and came to rest on the outer hull of the ship. The once thick veins of the Martian hand seemed pale and sickly. Pulsation was barely apparent, and soon it stopped. Forrester approached the being and felt, carefully, for its pulse. There was none. He turned to the crowd, not daring to accept the meaning of what had happened.

"It's dead," he told them.

Had hope returned to humanity? Was this the miracle that they had been praying for? The church bell started to ring and soon it was joined by other bells from neighboring houses of prayer. Bells rang in unison all over the world, creating the greatest symphony man had ever heard. For this was a symphony of peace ... and of a second chance for all mankind.

Clayton Forrester leads an astonished crowd to investigate a downed warship as a thin Martian arm lalls limply into view.

SCIENCE STRUGGLES TO SAVE PLANET!

Back at Pacific Tech, Forrester had organized the crating of tons of scientific instrumentation and was supervising their removal to a base laboratory in the Rocky Mountains. They had discovered a trace of Martian blood on the scarf that Forrester had used to cover the severed lens with. Analysis had shown it to be

WAR OF THE WORLDS (1953) Paramount. 85 minutes. Directed by Byron Haskin. Screenplay by Barre Lyndon, from the novel by H.G. Wells. Special effects by Gordon Jennings, Wallace Kelley, Paul Lerpae, Ivyl Burks, Jan Domela, Irmie Roberts. Starring Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, Henry Brandon, Les Tremayne, Robert Cornthwaite, Jack Kruschen, William Phipps, Lewis Martin.

Forrester and the crowd move in for a closer inspection of the limp Martian arm, only to discover that, impossible though it seems, the Martian is ... dead!

"The Martians had no resistance to bacteria in our atmosphere, to which we had long since become immune. Once they had breathed our air, germs which no longer affect us began to kill them. The end came swiftly. All over the world their machines began to stop and fall. After all that men could do had failed, the Martians were destroyed and humanity was saved ... by the littlest things which God, in his wisdom, had put upon this earth."
—H.G. Wells

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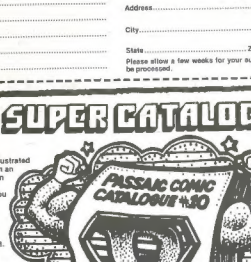

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